

No. 20

# MERRY ENGLAND

CONTENTS

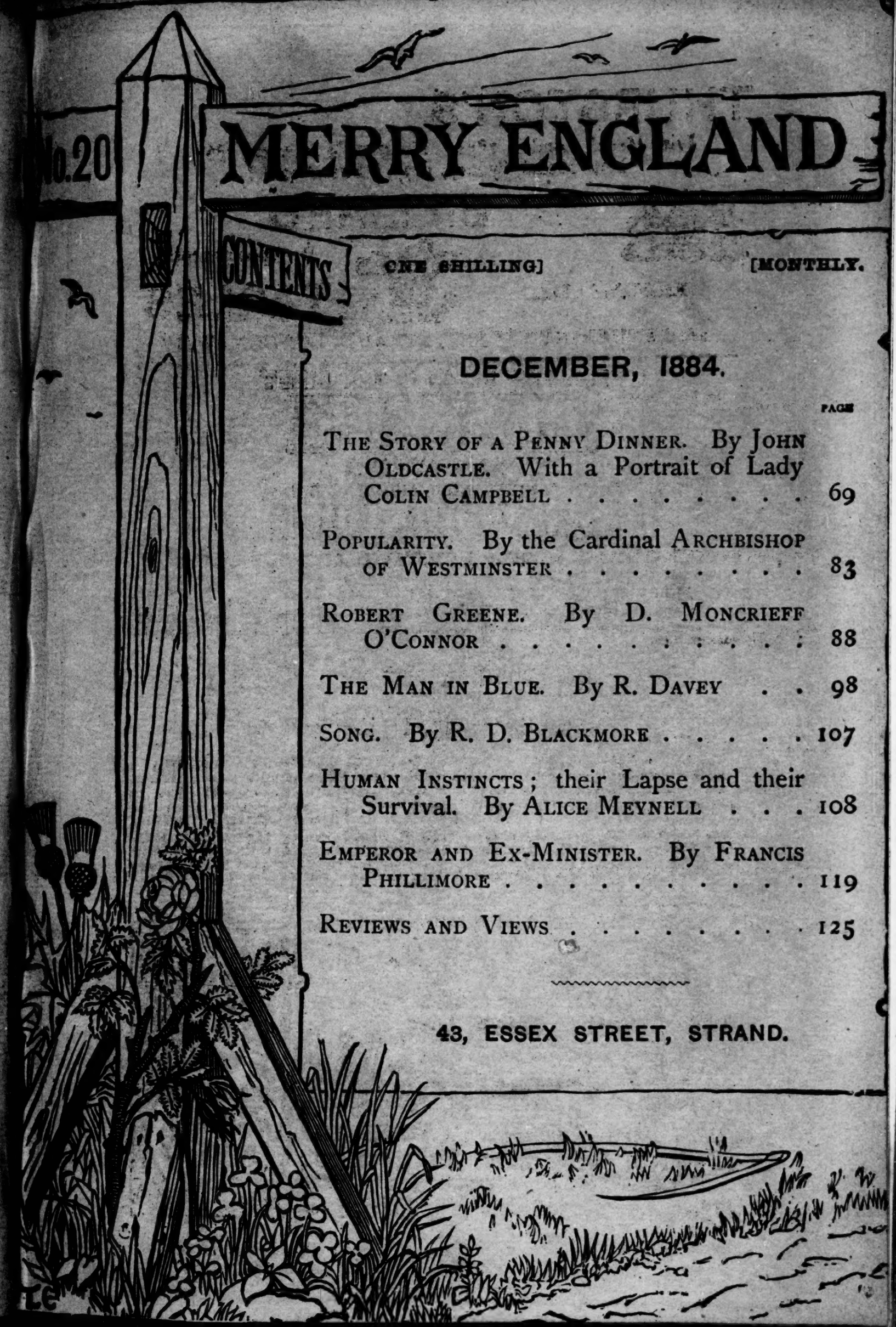
ONE SHILLING]

[MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1884.

	PAGE
THE STORY OF A PENNY DINNER. By JOHN OLDCASTLE. With a Portrait of Lady COLIN CAMPBELL . . . . .	69
POPULARITY. By the Cardinal ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER . . . . .	83
ROBERT GREENE. By D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR . . . . .	88
THE MAN IN BLUE. By R. DAVEY . . .	98
SONG. By R. D. BLACKMORE . . . . .	107
HUMAN INSTINCTS; their Lapse and their Survival. By ALICE MEYNELL . . . .	108
EMPEROR AND EX-MINISTER. By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE . . . . .	119
REVIEWS AND VIEWS . . . . .	125

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## TABLES

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# Merry England.—Contents for December.

	PAGE
THE STORY OF A PENNY DINNER. By JOHN OLDCASTLE. With a Portrait of Lady Colin Campbell . . . . .	69
POPULARITY. By the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.	83
ROBERT GREENE. By D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR . . . . .	88
THE MAN IN BLUE. By R. DAVEY . . . . .	98
SONG. By R. D. BLACKMORE . . . . .	107
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EMPEROR AND EX-MINISTER. By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE . . .	119
REVIEWS AND VIEWS . . . . .	125

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LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.



# MERRY ENGLAND

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DECEMBER, 1884.

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## The Story of a Penny Dinner.

THE use, the increase, the storage, and the right economy of natural force—these are among the most prolific problems of the day. The Icelanders are promised that their volcanic country shall in the near future be made rich by a new traffic in Power ; and all around we have a growing appreciation of the value of the winds' impulses, of the streams' impetus, of the perseverance of gravitation, and of the trustworthy restlessness of the surface of the world. Waste has become abhorrent in view of the work to be done for man. But in all this economy one kind of power has been rather neglected—the power of the arm of Hercules and of the feet of Atalanta. We will not let the tides ebb and flow without turning some wheel of human purpose ; but we allow man's arm to do barren things, and woman's untiring feet to spend their swiftness and their gay vigour in the endless and fruitless waltz of year after year.

Ten years ago a fashion of rinking set in and reigned for a time ; a little later the turn of tennis came, and its life has been longer. Against such fashions there is no accusation to be made, except that the pleasure they give is perhaps hardly in proportion to the force they demand. And all the energy

spent in excess of that which brings a fair equivalent of recreation had better be turning a wheel for some purposes of industry. Otherwise, such play ought, in this practical age, to be as disheartening as shot-drill, or as the crank, or as any other devices for inflicting fruitless exertion on the criminal. And when a fashion of useful work among the Poor set in, those persons were ill-advised who sneered at it for the suddenness of its adoption and its vogue. Just in so far as it is a fashion, the awakening of the West to the existence of the East will pass away speedily enough. But it will have formed a deeper habit in many who might take up intercourse with misfortune as "the thing," but would not drop it when it ceased to be such. The *fanfaron* which is made (and not without utility) over the discovery or the re-discovery or the realization of any fact in life may, indeed, have drawn their thoughts to the field for such work, to the need of it, and to their own capacity to spend over it some of their superabundant strength and happiness; but, even so, that which prompted them in the attractive beginnings of Charity and sustained them in its tiring and discouraging continuance, was not the curiosity of some new thing, but the old motive of compassion. "Slumming," even looked at as a novelty of occupation, is not without its benefits, both to the slummer and to the slums; and among those who meant to go for a season there will be some who will feel themselves compelled to go through a whole life, and who will come to the help of the helpless by thinking for them as well as working for them. And one of the best results, so far, of the intelligence that must come from outside to put some system into the lives of the Poor is the Penny Dinner.

Great Saffron Hill was a site fixed upon a few weeks ago by a lady who was willing to make a practical experiment of the Penny Dinner Movement on Metropolitan ground. Close to Farringdon Street Station, but approached chiefly from Charterhouse Street, down a flight of broad steps, the place itself is con-



fessedly a little less imposing than its name. There is nothing "Great" about the dingy thoroughfare, which has warehouses on one side of its narrow way, faced by insignificant dwellings, by shops, and by the Holy Family Schools. The "Hill" itself has been removed or modified, not indeed by Faith, but by Metropolitan improvements. And, as for the "Saffron," no suggestion of sweet spices comes amidst those odours of fried fish which pervade so many of the London slums. But all the glories of the Holborn Viaduct and all the demolitions of Gray's Inn Lane have not utterly banished—and they never could abolish—that promiscuous population which owns difficult dependence on its day's fitful toil for its day's bread. Hidden away behind great streets, the existence of these people is hardly guessed by the great world. If they are known at all, it is by their excesses, mostly in the matter of drink, which give the Pharisee the excuse to pass by on the other side; but the mystery is not that they are often drunk, but that they exercise that larger self-restraint which accepts things as they are. In the case of one-half of mankind, the time of sickness is a time of many consolations; illness brings tendernesses, and dainties, and dearnesses in its train. But for this hidden part of the population the same illness means in most cases not an addition of comforts, but the total withdrawal of even the ordinary means of support. A moiety of the children of these toilers die; but the wonder is that any of them grow up into healthy maturity at all; and it is not over the desolate little graves of half the households so much as over the miseries of those who remain that the man of feeling will be disposed to wring his hands. The work which the Priest and the Nun, the Schoolmaster and the Schoolmistress, are unostentatiously doing among children of the kind can never be known; but in this task of supplying a mental and a moral training which the dreary home cannot afford, the teacher may easily find his best ally in the cook, and the kitchen may be found to be the most frequented porch to the

church. This extremely prosaic fact was so fully felt by the managers of the Holy Family Schools in Saffron Hill, where the two hundred and odd scholars include a number of those belonging to parents engaged in the more precarious kinds of labour, that they gave instant adhesion to the offer of Lady Colin Campbell, who, having first "prospected" the "claim," volunteered to "rush" a restaurant for little diners at one penny a head.

No great preparations are necessary for setting up in this way of business—and a business we take for granted it will be the intention everywhere to make it. A ten-pound-note will cover all the stock-in-trade needed to cater for some two hundred mouths. This stock-in-trade may indeed be a matter of benefaction. The dinners will not be likely soon to yield a surplus to pay for it, though they certainly would pay an interest on the capital expended, were it objected that the movement ought to be consistently commercial throughout. But even then there would remain unpaid labour—that gracious presence of ladies which forms one of the pleasantest distractions of the little scholar's monotonous day. The largest item of this necessary initial outlay of ten pounds is, of course, for the "cooker," a noble machine which, though it comes from the land of plentiful coal, is skilfully designed to act with the most economical expenditure of gas. It requires, moreover, the minimum of attention—in fact, it may be said to look after itself. What the pamphlet of the Rev. W. Moore Ede, the public Pioneer of the whole movement as applied to schools in England, has done by way of counsel, the "cooker" has done in the practical working out of the scheme—cleared the way of lumber. The other utensils are not costly: tin plates at a penny each, spoons at half that sum, and fourpence for knives and forks, rendered necessary where liver is introduced as it is at Saffron Hill, from a neighbouring cook-shop, to diversify the boiled soups, stews, and puddings which come within the capabilities of the "cooker;" scales, a couple of ladles, two



bread-knives, a bread-board, three or four large tin dishes for puddings, certain jars, sundry cloths, and a money-box—these form the complement; and, with them, probably among the fixtures of the room, must be a cupboard or chest for stores.

These stores are a condition of that system of wholesale purchase by which alone the dinners live, and by which the children reap that advantage which their parents cannot, but the capitalist can, command; for one of the significant facts of our boasted social system consists in this—that the poorest people pay ever the most highly for the necessities of life; as if the petty tradesman had taken to himself the mission of fulfilling that threat in the parable which tells us that from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. To compass all this a large room is not necessary. The “cooker” will go into any corner where gas can be laid to the burners beneath it—and this should be done with lead pipes rather than with cheap and nasty india-rubber tubing. In front of the “cooker” a serving table is required; and so slightly is the air affected by either the heat of the gas or the smell of the viands that a room in use for other purposes may easily be employed. At Saffron Hill a class-room not in full use presented itself as a model kitchen; and here at improvised trestle tables running round the room, two relays of some seventy children each took their seats in the hour between half-past twelve and half-past one, on Monday, the twenty-seventh of October in this year of grace, of compulsory education, and of wide-spread semi-starvation.

This opening dinner was, economically speaking, a perfectly reckless one, for it consisted of one hundred and forty sausages, and one hundred and forty hunks of bread, imported at the last moment from the cook-shop afore-said to replace a brew of soup which was admittedly a failure, though not so from any misbehaviour on the part of the “cooker,” nor from any want of adroitness in the fair

fingers which had peeled potatoes, hewn onions, drawn water under difficulties, parcelled out peas, sprinkled curry powder, and finally plunged into the midst of the cauldron two shins of beef—the superiority of which over Mr. Ede's prescribed ox-head, whether for economy or for nutrition, is worth consideration. The sad fact was that culinary inexperience had been too impatient, and had compounded things on Saturday which ought not to have come together till Sunday night, when the stoves were lighted beneath a stew which, unlike the manna of old, had not lasted over the Sabbath without undergoing a change from sweet to sour. Keen, therefore, was the disappointment when the lid of the "cooker" was opened on Monday morning. The firmest tempers, which were those of the workers, might be forgiven if they sensibly felt the strain; and woe to the hapless wight—who had never thought of being more than the helpless spectator of the party—who arrived five minutes later than the rest upon the scene of the disaster, for he must be made to feel that those five minutes' delay had done the whole mischief, and that on the only morning when he could have been of use of course he was not there. But these are bitter personal reminiscences which must not detain us from the pressing work in hand. Only an hour remained in which to repair this disaster. A brilliant suggestion of sausages, for which a foray was instantly made, cleared the atmosphere of despair, and in the event vindicated the sanity of the party and saved the reputation of the dinners.

The ghost of Cobbett ought to have hovered round the board at Saffron Hill that day. There was nothing of pauperism about the new institution, yet everything of human kindness. Regrets for the monastic daily dole of days that are over and gone would have been almost forgotten even by the writer of that curious "History of the Reformation" in presence of this fresh device for feeding the hungry without committing any outrage on the feelings of the *doctrinaire*.

A great upholder of monks, Cobbett was also a warm admirer of that antithesis of the monk—a woman. Here he could have found the offices of the one performed by the hand of the other; and with grave face he would have ingeniously shown that whereas woman was erewhile made for the fall of man, she is now the agent of even his political redemption. The sins of the landlord he would have shown were, in some measure, atoned for by this mission of the landlord's woman-kind: the distressed cry of the crofter in Argyllshire momentarily drowned by the happy hum of expectant children in a London slum. In the lady who had consented to bear a name which, as he would severely remind us, had been held, from the days of him whom even the patriotic Aytoun calls

The master-fiend Argyll,

down to more modern times, synonymous with political selfishness, he would have seen an angel of redemption. And, in truth, if the day of that great revolution so long prophesied did redly dawn at length, and if the East marched in its "two millions who never smile" against the West, unwatchful in its pre-occupation of prosperity, there would not be wanting fair women who should sally forth from Belgravia undefended save by their reputation for charitable deeds, to stay, as the mother and wife of Coriolanus did, after hoary senators had failed, the advance of the multitude; and one great factor in the peaceful readjustment of social order would be found in those various movements which at this moment lift the veil separating the Two Nations—movements which may be summarized under what has been called "The Lady Colonization of the East End."

For Lady Colin Campbell did not come as a novice to Saffron Hill. She had much already on her hands; but weekly engagements as dispenser of a free dinner at Stepney, and as promoter of a girls' night club at Nine Elms, to say nothing of house-to-house visiting in both places, did not deter this young



"Purse-bearer of the Poor," this "Mistress of the Robes" to the royal Needy, from undertaking with a light heart the new duties of the penny restaurant. For her accomplice in this, as in many another good work, she had Miss Gordon; nor were these two ladies many dinners older before they were fortunate enough to secure in Mrs. Charles Russell a comrade after their own hearts. Variety of servers, as well as of fare, is, after all, a desirable thing at the daily meal; and if a different lady can take each different day of the five dinners in the week—for Saturday and Sunday do not count—so much the better. But it will generally be found more easy to vary the food than to vary the faces presiding over the distributing of it; for foods are many, but "valiant women" are few, and "precious as the merchandise brought from afar."

The following bills of fare are those prepared by Mr. Ede at Gateshead:—

## FOR ONE HUNDRED CHILDREN.

## OX-HEAD SOUP.

	s.	d.
Ox-head . . . . .	2	6
Peas, 14 lbs. . . . .	1	9
Indian meal, 7 lbs. . . . .	1	0
Onions . . . . .	0	3
Mint . . . . .	0	1
Salt and pepper . . . . .	0	1
Bread, 25 lbs. (4 oz. per child)	2	6
	8	2

## PEAS SOUP.

	s.	d.
Ox-head . . . . .	2	6
Peas, 28 lbs. . . . .	3	6
Indian meal, 4 lbs. . . . .	0	6
Carrots . . . . .	0	3
Dried mint . . . . .	0	1
Bread (4 oz. per child) . . . . .	2	6
	9	4

## PEAS PUDDING.

	s.	d.
Peas, 35 lbs. . . . .	4	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dripping, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. . . . .	0	9
Mint . . . . .	0	2
Salt and pepper . . . . .	0	1
	5	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

## LENTIL SOUP.

	s.	d.
Lentils, 22 lbs. . . . .	3	1
Indian meal, 12 lbs. . . . .	1	0
Onions . . . . .	1	0
Carrots . . . . .	0	6
Potatoes, 42 lbs. . . . .	1	6
Mint . . . . .	0	3
	7	4

## FIG PUDDING.

	s.	d.
Flour, 35 lbs. . . . .	3	6½
Figs, 10 lbs. . . . .	2	6
Suet, 3 lbs. . . . .	1	6
Sweet sauce of milk, flour and sugar . . . . .	0	4
	<hr/>	
	7	10½

## RHUBARB PUDDING.

	s.	d.
Flour, 35 lbs. . . . .	3	6½
Suet, 3 lbs. . . . .	1	6
Sugar, 10 lbs. . . . .	1	8
	<hr/>	
(Rhubarb given.)	6	8½

## RAISIN PUDDING.

	s.	d.
Flour, 35 lbs. . . . .	3	6½
Suet, 3 lbs. . . . .	1	6
Raisins, 7 lbs. . . . .	2	4
Treacle, 2 lbs. . . . .	0	4½
	<hr/>	
	7	9

## MEAT ROLY-POLY PUDDING.

	s.	d.
Flour, 30 lbs. . . . .	3	0
Bacon, 10 lbs. (cut very small)	5	0
Suet, 2 lbs. . . . .	1	0
	<hr/>	
	9	0

Of these recipes, we do not know whether to be glad or sorry to say that they are falsified by Saffron Hill experiences in so far as the appetite of the South is more easily appeased than that of the North. The quantities allowed by Mr. Ede are altogether beyond the consumption of Londoners. Whether it is that the habit of hearty eating has not yet been formed by the juvenile population of Saffron Hill we cannot say ; but the fact remains that, whereas Mr. Ede's urchins sometimes ask for six helpings, the cockneys' maximum is three. Yet Mr. Ede, with only fifty customers, found that the cost of the dinners was covered by the receipts. At Saffron Hill, where the average attendance is larger, the result is likely to be the same, although a cook is now called in, with a retainer of seven shillings and sixpence a week, and although some of the dinners are given at a deliberate loss, as, for instance, the fry of liver, with onions and potatoes, which absorbs the whole penny, leaving the attendance to be paid for from the profits of other days. Mr. Ede has given rice puddings with jam ; but the London lad is roused to mutiny by the sight of them. In their place, however, at Saffron Hill a suet pudding has been set up, and is highly popular whether eaten with jam or treacle, or taken with gravy, made from milt, and seasoned with salt. Among other results

Saffron Hill shows that infants and girls are better and steadier customers than the boys ; that there will always be a percentage of grumblers at each respective dish as its turn comes ; that a certain suspiciousness of lentils as being a new thing, apparent at first, shortly disappears ; that pieces of meat in the soup, instead of being eagerly devoured, are often isolated on the side of the plate for final rejection ; and that a hunk of bread is always a welcome addition to the meal. Bills of fare might, of course, be multiplied ; but intending promoters of Penny Dinners will be able to devise dishes for themselves in accordance with local tastes and local capacities. It may be noted, however, that further East than Saffron Hill—at Limehouse—a fish *menu* has been started on Fridays with entire success.

What is now being done, still more or less experimentally, in Penny Dinners in London and other large centres has long been an established success in one country village—Rousdon, the seat of Sir Henry Peek. It was fitting that a man whom biscuit-baking has made into a millionaire should have thought of the feeding of the little group of children gathered in the school which he built beside his splendid palace by the sea—famous for those marbles which he dexterously recovered from where they had been embedded in sand and washed by the waves since a vessel bearing them from Italy was long ago wrecked upon the Devon coast. After he built the new school, some fourteen years ago, he announced that those who came to it would have the opportunity of buying an adequate daily dinner for a penny ; and, thanks to the energy of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, who have charge of the school, that promise has been successfully kept.

Children who formerly had to content themselves with dry morsels enclosed in satchels now had the luxury of a hot meal. It had been arranged that fivepence should be the price paid weekly by each child for the week's dinners, but it was found that this charge could, in effect, be modified, and a reduction is



consequently made when more than one member of a family attend. Two children, for instance, may have their dinners for ninepence a week ; three for a shilling ; and four for one shilling and threepence. The scheme, even with all the deductions, has been a financial success. From the beginning of operations in October, 1876, to the end of December, 1882, there were 110,221 dinners provided at a cost of 107,406 pence. Mr. Ede visited the Devonshire school before he began his own work in Gateshead. He says, "A finer, healthier set of children than those of Rousdon School I never saw. The midday meal, which I had expected to be a miserable allowance, not more than sufficient to satisfy half the appetite of a healthy child, I found to be liberal in quantity, so that all or almost all got as much as they could eat." The educational benefits which the school conferred on the neighbourhood are perhaps another proof of the great value to be attached, here as elsewhere, to the experiment. There were 89 children on the books in 1880 ; the average attendance was 76 ; 79 were eligible for examination ; and there were passed 98 per cent. in reading, 96 per cent. in writing and spelling, 98 per cent. in arithmetic, 56 per cent. in geography, 79 per cent. in grammar, eight in literature, and five in domestic economy. At an inspection in the early part of 1880 there were 84 children on the books ; the average attendance was 81·6 ; 81 out of the 84 were eligible for examination, and there passed 100 per cent. in reading, 100 per cent. in writing and spelling, 98 per cent. in arithmetic, 100 per cent. in geography, and 87 per cent. in grammar, while 14 passed a good examination in literature, and 11 passed well in domestic economy. Order, discipline, singing, and needlework were reported good, and the school was classed "excellent." It is not to be wondered at, considering these results, that Mr. Mundella affirmed in the House of Commons that it was impossible there could be a better school. The impression made on the mind of the School

Inspector was most favourable. He was struck by the healthy, vigorous look of the children, and discovered a marked contrast between their appearance and work on the day of inspection and those of the children in many of the neighbouring schools. At Saffron Hill it is as yet early days to speak of similar results ; but there are indications that they will be obtained. At Father Maples's school at Limehouse the effect on the attendance of children has been immediately marked.

In Scotland the movement has for some time been illustrated ; but there the reckless Saxon penny has been displaced by a smaller coin. At Farnell, a small country parish, with an area of about six square miles, and with some six hundred population, the parish minister, the Rev. T. A. Cameron, conceived the idea of providing for the school children, many of whom came from a distance, a cheap midday meal during winter. Lord and Lady Southesk gave the undertaking their support, and it has now been carried out for six months. The rotation of soups is pea-soup, potato-soup, and Scotch-broth. In all of these, vegetables are largely used, and pieces of meat are boiled down. The charge for the dinner is one halfpenny per child ; and where there are more than two scholars of the same family only one penny is charged for the entire number, and each receives as much as he desires. The receipts for the winter of 1882 were £10 7s. 3d., and the expenditure for the dinners was £10 1s. 11½d., leaving a balance in hand of 5s. 3½d. But a sum of £3 5s. was paid by the School Board to a cook ; and gifts of vegetables were received from friends to the value of about £10. As a set-off against this latter sum, an additional grant of £10 was earned by the school, so that the working of the scheme involved no expense to the parish. The example set by Farnell has been followed with variations in detail by Maryton, Little Brechin, Redmyre (Fordoun), and Drumgeith public schools, and in each instance with success. Whether in this matter the country has an advantage over the town remains to be seen. Many considerations are involved ;

but this, at least, is ascertained, that no country boy stands more in need of the movement than does the stunted cockney urchin ; and that the country girls are happily in their own homes strangers to those pangs of hunger which are only too familiar to the "lilies of the alleys" in the great centres of life.

We have conjured up the ghost of Cobbett ; but there still lives and teaches a social reformer of gentler presence, of more silvern speech—nay, speech of gold and precious stones—yet with a spirit not less vehement than Cobbett's, whom the experiment at Saffron Hill recalls, and in whom all desolate children have a foster-father, though they know it not. That experiment, indeed, like so much that is done of the kind, may be said to be indirectly a response to an appeal which Mr. Ruskin made many years ago, when he cried : "Oh, ye women of England ! from the Princess of Wales to the simplest of you, do you think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd ? . . . You have heard it said that flowers flourish rightly only in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true ; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them. This you would think a great thing. And do you think it not a greater thing you *can* do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them ; flowers that have thoughts like yours and lives like yours ; and which, once saved, you save for ever ? Will you not go down among them ?—among those sweet living things whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire ; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise ? and still they turn to you, and for you—

The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear !  
And the Lily whispers—I wait.



Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but of a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often—sought Him in vain all through the night—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of this garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valleys, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed; more, you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the path-sides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, ‘Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.’ Oh—you queens—you queens; among the hills and happy green-wood of this land of yours shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities shall the stones cry out against you that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?”

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

## Popularity.

**A**RISTOTLE says, that if a just man should ever come on earth, he would be out of place, or outlandish. He would certainly not be popular. This takes for granted that the multitude is not just. The Athenians were tired of hearing Aristides called "the just:" and they banished him. This, again, implies that the popular opinion of Athens was impatient of a just man. He was to them an eyesore, and a heart sore. If such was the state of the most civilized people of the old world, it is clear that to be popular among them would be no sign of moral elevation. The most popular among them were the Cleons and the Demagogues, who pandered to their injustice. Père Gratry has left on record that the Sophists have come back upon us; that is, the school of mental distortion which maintains the truth of intellectual contradictions in the same categories of time, circumstance, and relations. Happily, this school is narrow, for it is unintelligible; but we fear that the Demagogues, too, have come back upon us in force, for we have many Cleons, both of high and low degree, who hunt popularity with insatiable thirst. Popularity means many things. It means the having the goodwill of the people at large, or their admiration, or their kindly feeling, or their confidence. These are four distinct kinds of legitimate popularity. But such popularity can be gained only by good men, great men, benevolent men, or wise men. There are many kinds also of spurious popularity, which are soon gained and soon lost, for they are founded on nothing durable. The Lion or Lioness of the season is popular: and most adventurers have their day. So also have popular orators, popular preachers, popular singers, and popular diners-out. But this is a popu-

larity which is confined to classes and sections, or to the upper ten-thousand at most. It comes and goes ; it rises and falls, and in the end it goes out like a rushlight, leaving little that is pleasant behind it.

There are many ways in which men seek popularity. The Greeks called certain popularity-hunters "pleasers ;" or, as we should say, "complaisant." They tried to please everybody. The Romans called them "assenters," because they were of the opinions of everybody they met, and contradicted nobody. This is perhaps the original meaning of an "agreeable person ;" that is, one who agrees with everybody in everything. St. Paul calls these "men-pleasers." And moral theology teaches us that an interested obsequiousness descends from Simon Magus, and after him is called the simony of the tongue. All this birdlime to catch popularity seldom catches much. Men that have no opinions of their own have no convictions ; and without convictions it is not possible to have much will, or perhaps any conscience. These human chameleons have no colour of their own. They put on and put off the hues and tints of those they live with, or talk to. They hunt for popularity, but are never popular ; they are tolerated in society, but are never trusted. In the midst of such men it would be refreshing to come across Dr. Johnson's "good hater : " for to be open in friendship and hatred, the philosopher says, is a sign of magnanimity.

Another way of seeking popularity is by a studied art of conversation. A man, who was rather a good than great man, has left behind him a journal, in which are noted the subjects he had prepared to talk about when he dined out. Sydney Smith described another leading man of his time as a "diner-out of the first water." Such men win a certain popularity in private life. They are amusing companions ; and they make less intolerable the greatest of human depressions, which are called "dinner parties." And yet, the popularity of such social



talkers has its limits. For, it is an axiom in the science of talk, that good people are dull. They never backbite their neighbour, nor retail gossip, nor hint scandals, nor embitter private malignities, nor reveal the skeleton in the closet of other people's homes, nor ridicule their infirmities, nor even their virtues, nor spice their talk with words of double meaning. Half the flavour and stimulant of their talk is lost ; it becomes flat and insipid, for it is never personal, never malicious, and always charitable. Such men are to most people somewhat heavy in hand ; they are provokingly good, and a check upon the social license of speech. They are decidedly not popular.

But, if we pass from speech to action, we shall limit still more the range of popularity. There are some good and humble men who escape through life, as the Greek sage counselled, unobserved, before men are aware they have lived and are gone. Such men can be neither popular nor unpopular, because they are unknown. There are others of a nature so passive, that all men who have to deal with them leave in turn their impression on them. They are in the power of the last speaker ; and you can often tell with whom they have been talking from the turn of their thoughts, and almost from the tone of their voice. Such men, again, are not substantive enough to be popular or unpopular. There is no taste in the white of an egg.

Again, there are others who cannot help knowing their own minds, and saying what they mean, and meaning what they say. They are too impatient to waste words, too high-tempered to be insincere, and too intent on what needs to be done to deal in ceremonies. The Italians would call them *irruenti*, because they make ugly rushes at men and things. Such people are apt to expect a good deal from others, because they take for granted that everybody ought to aim above themselves. They are somewhat exacting, outspoken, and aggressive. They work and make others work. They are not unkind, nor unsym-

pathetic ; but they are like fast walkers, who make their companions to amble and to trot, sometimes to their discomfort. St. Augustine says that it is a duty of charity for those that can walk fast to walk slow ; for they can do that ; but the slow walkers cannot keep up with their pace. Such men are not popular ; but others come to them in trouble, though they stand off from them in fair weather. They are like what are called ret-hot soldiers, exact and punctual in discipline and spirit, troublesome companions in peace ; but they are the men to whom all turn in the battle. Nevertheless, they are not popular ; for they suit only those who understand them and have the same aims. To others they are distinctly disagreeable. In this easy-going, jovial, unscrupulous world they are always saying or doing something that spoils the sport of the careless, and sometimes alarms the conscience of the guilty. If the majority of the world were just and upright, temperate and generous, then to be popular would be the countersign of all these moral excellences in the man whom the majority reveres. But if the majority of the world be the reverse of all these things, then we can readily understand the words, " Woe be unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." In truth, he that seeks popularity will never reach it ; and he that thinks nothing about it will find it come to him unawares. A popularity-hunter betrays himself and spoils his trade. His attitude and pose are self-conscious ; as the Americans say, " like his own statue put up by universal subscription."

The most popular man in life is sometimes of little repute after he is gone ; and the least popular now, in this world of conflict, come out in history with a veneration unknown before. When Sir Robert Peel opposed the first Reform Bill, he was about the most unpopular man in England. When he abolished the Corn Laws, he was the most popular in the homes and the hearts of the English race. Mr. Bright has for

thirty years enjoyed the popularity of a Tribune ; yet his name was hissed not long ago. If either of these statesmen had sought for popular applause, their names would not go down in the history of England as leaders and benefactors of the people. Unpopularity is the fate of those who know how to stand alone and to leave their mark upon other men. But time rights the momentary wrongs of those who cannot be swayed by the fickle breath of popular applause.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

## Robert Greene.

NOT least of the glories, supposititious or real, attaching to the name of Elizabeth is the reflected one of the literature of her age. The dawn of that splendid time was deepening into day when Robert Greene began to write in 1583. The captivity of Charles d'Orléans was still a living memory, and Ronsard had been page to the King of Scotland. The strength and weakness of English love-lyrics had been shown in Tottel, and the "Dainty Devises." Wyatt and Surrey, steeped to the lips in Spanish and Italian lore, were already dead; Sackville, the student of Dante, had written the "Induction;" Gascoigne, warmed with Ariosto and Bandello, had published "Flowers, Herbs, and Weeds," and "Steel Glass;" Lyly, "Euphues;" Spenser, "The Shepherds' Calendar;" Sidney, the "Arcadia" and "Defence of Poesy."

Then came a reveller, his lips dabbled with wine, amorous, reckless; with more truth and tenderness, greater freedom and variety than sombre Wyatt; with all the lightness, grace and passionateness of the sunny, golden-haired Surrey; all the richness, without the gloom, of the melancholy Sackville; less coarse, if less versatile, not less brilliantly careless and infinitely more poetical, than Gascoigne: one worthy to sit at the feet of Lodge in lyrics, and to look higher than Marlowe in poetry, though below him in drama.

Returned from roaming Europe, Greene came full of the short amorous tales which were so popular in Italy and Spain, and which France but yesterday brought to perfection in Chateaubriand's "Abencérages." At the feet of many a lovely lady the gay lover had been softened by beauty, and had caught



the charm of these light legends. For Greene they had the delight of illustrations: to-day's romance was a reflection of yesterday's existence. This double experience, on coming home, he threw with lavish prodigality into many forms. Read by all the ladies and gallants of his day, his fame quickly increased. So truly had he the art of these passionate historiettes, that it is not too much to say, in them lies the germ of England's Romance, and that these love-tales, vivid, earnest, and full of power, are set in the corner-stone of that palace of art, the English novel. And, in claiming this for Greene, we should remember also that Mr. Symonds has said of him: "The romantic play, the English play, may be called in great measure his discovery." Like much of the equally mad rollicking Gascoigne's work, these love pamphlets are largely autobiographical, though, as in the "*Mémoires*" of Dumas and of Berlioz, it is easier to feel the wit than to find the truth. In these pamphlets all Greene's poetry, "*A Maiden's Dream*" excepted, is contained. Sannazzaro and, after him, Sidney sprinkled their novels with verses; but it was following his friend Lodge, who weaved lyrics and sonnets into the prose of "*Forbonius*" and "*Prisceria*" (1584) that Greene made the innovation his own, with what result we are about to see.

In his first pamphlet "*Manilia, a mirrour or looking glasse for the ladies of Englande*" (1583), there are no verses; but "*Morando, the Tritameron of Love*" (1584) has a description of Silvestro's lady full of picturesque fancy:

Her stature like the tall straight cedar trees,  
Whose stately bulks do fame th' Arabian groves;  
A pace like princely Juno when she braved  
The Queen of Love 'fore Paris in the vale;  
A front beset with love and courtesy;  
A face like modest Pallas when she blushed  
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;  
A lip sweet ruby-red, graced with delight;  
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue  
A wrangling strife twixt lily and the rose;

Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,  
 When chilling frost doth clear the azured sky;  
 Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams  
 That proud Apollo giveth from his coach;  
 The Gnidian doves, whose white and snowy pens  
 Do stain the silver-streaming ivory;

\* \* \* \* \*

A foot like Thetis when she tripped the sands  
 To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps.

\* \* \* \* \*

But it was in the strange pure Utopia of the "Menaphon" (1587) that the lightness and brightness of Greene took music of dainty delicacy: poetry instinct with that charm which led Tieck to call him "a happy talent, a clear spirit." There is graceful melody in his pretty pouting:

Some say, Love,  
 Foolish Love,  
     Doth rule and govern all the gods;  
 I say Love,  
 Inconstant Love,  
     Sets men's senses far at odds.  
 Some swear Love,  
 Smooth-faced Love,  
     Is sweetest sweet that men can  
     have.  
 I say Love,  
 Sour Love,  
     Makes virtue yield as beauty's  
     slave:  
 A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,  
 That forceth wisdom to be folly's  
     thrall.

Love is sweet:  
 Wherein sweet?  
     In fading pleasures that do pain?  
 Beauty sweet:  
 Is that sweet,  
     That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?  
 If Love's sweet,  
 Herein sweet—  
     That minutes' joys are monthly  
     woes:  
 'Tis not sweet,  
 That is sweet  
     Nowhere, but where repentance  
     grows.  
 Then love who list; if beauty be so  
     sour,  
 Labour for me; Love rest in prince's  
     bower.

And in another vein what more playful and tender than Sephestia's song to her child? Then, the subdued life of evening, its quietude and happy rest, in the first lines of Menaphon's roundelay which, with the opening of the song in "The Mourning Garment," Gray must have read and remembered. As we shall have occasion to note the superiority of

the great French fabulist's treatment of Æsop over that of Greene, we may remark that this roundelay is a little fable quite *à la La Fontaine*.

Greene had not travelled in vain. To his passion for beauty, the poetry of painting lent richness of colour. Penetrating the spirit of the Old Venetians, he learned the love of colour, full and fair, and that happy disposition of forms to thought, so noticeable in his choice of rhyme. Read Doron's description of Samela, which, as it is given in most anthologies, we need not here repeat. The ideal of antiquity embodied in their painting wrought upon him as a spell. His poetry is rich with classical illustration—not the classicism of most of his contemporaries, a hollow and puerile allusion; but the natural turn of thought of a cultivated man who, through the medium of old-world memories, conveys an individuality breathing life. As it was for these Italians, mythology was also for Greene—full of inference, quick with poetic vitality, subtle with an essence of emotional beauty, deep with an undertone of marvellous speech. To him the old learning was a new wonder; the dead languages a living literature. It is curious to note how certain images recur to certain minds. In Shelley we find the old-world tradition of the Eagle and the Serpent. The Kites overshadow Macaulay: to them he gives Valerius, and the Lord of Norba to the Porcean Kites: armies to the Kites:

The Kites know well the long stern swell  
That bids the Romans close.

And

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey.

With Mr. Swinburne the one dominant colour is rose: rose-hued, rose-red. And in "Balder the Beautiful," Mr. Buchanan seems absolutely unable to rid himself of "silvern." So it was with Greene:

The wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose  
is seen in Silvestro's lady ; Samela's

Cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams ;  
and in a canzone he has

Her front was powdered through with azured veins  
That twixt sweet roses and sweet lilies lay.

Later in the same romance he deepens the image into a line  
worthy of Keats :

Like lilies dipt in Bacchus' choicest wine.

This, in a later tale, is intensified again :

Fair she was as fair might be  
Like the roses on the tree  
\* \* \* \* \*

For her cheeks were ruddy hued  
As if lilies were imbued  
With drops of blood.

Until later usage had weakened it into

The rose and lily both did seek  
To show their glories on her cheek.

But the first English poet who wrote for bread, as Oldys says, had to snatch such times as a sad life left him to sustain an existence scarcely worth the having. Writing for pence, not posterity, in the heat and glow of the moment, with reckless exuberance, he cared little, in 1589, if the image "Her neck, columns of polished ivory," had two years before been "Her neck like an ivory shining tower ;" or if, in the "Mourning Garment," for "a neck as white as whale's bone," there had been in "Never Too Late," "legs as white as whale's bone." The then novelty of whale-bone seems to have struck the poets. Barnefield, in "The Affectionate Shepherd," sings :

I have a pleasant-noted nightingale  
That sings as sweetly as the silver swan,  
Kept in a cage of bone as white as whale ;



and Shakespeare in "Love's Labour's Lost :"

This is the flower that smiles on every one  
That show his teeth as white as whale's bone.

Just as little cared reckless Robin if "hooks" did duty three or four times as lures, traps, or snares of beauty; or if "hair" (generally Apollo's) became "trammels" on some half-dozen occasions. Still less, perchance, if a sonnet in "Orpherion" somehow becomes a madrigal in "Alcida," or if two versions of the same ode do duty in one romance—"Philomela;" or if the description of Silvestro's lady some years later does for a description of Lady Mœsia; from this, however, the lily and rose had disappeared.

In his "Menaphon," amid much less pointed poetry, are single lines full of grace and fancy :

While she led forth the day with her fair face.

As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit  
Where love his records of delight doth quote.

Her cheeks like ripened lilies steeped in wine,

\* \* \* \* \*

Or snow white threads in nets of crimson silk.

Her lips are roses overwashed with dew,  
Enchased with dainty daisies soft and white  
Where fancy's fair pavilion once is pight.

Even with this kiss

I seal the sweet indentures of delight.

We must pass over the (irregular) sonnets in "Perimedes," in the "Praise of Fawnia," full of romantic longing and tenderest reproach, and in "Pandosto" (whence Shakespeare caught the idea of the "Winter's Tale"), to touch upon the many little poems embedded in another master-piece, "Never Too Late" (1590). The curious may take what they will of Francisco in this (and

of Roberto in "A Groat's Worth of Wit") as a portrait of the author. The gaiety of his earlier poetry was gradually dying away. He was losing the limpness and lightness of his laughter years. As life lengthened, shades of melancholy, not sombre like Wyatt's, nor gloomy like Gascoigne's, darkened his page. If we only approach this feeling in "Never Too Late," still the spring is gone; and as the author turns to Nature, he finds summer setting into autumn. But his picturesqueness is richer—his colours deeper:

As then the sun sat lordly in his pride,  
 Not shadowed with the veil of any cloud,  
 The welkin had no rack that seemed to glide,  
 No dusky vapour did bright Phœbus shroud;  
 No blemish did eclipse the beauteous sky  
 From setting forth heaven's secret searching eye.  
 No blustering wind did shake the shady trees,  
 Each leaf lay still and silent in the wood;  
 The birds were musical; the labouring bees,  
 That in the summer heap their winter's good,  
 Plied to their hives sweet honey from their flowers,  
 Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powers.  
 The lion laid and stretched him in the lawns;  
 No storm did hold the leopard from his prey;  
 The fallow fields were full of wanton fawns;  
 The plough-swains never saw a fairer day;  
 For every beast and bird did take delight,  
 To see the quiet heavens to shine so bright.  
 When thus the winds lay sleeping in the caves,  
 The air was silent in her concave sphere.

\* \* \* \* \*

And this was written a century and a half before Thomson's "Seasons."

Lodge, in his "Alarum against Usurers," had struck a new vein for all literary cunning, where all the glamour of dissipation was lifted out of mystery, that the night side of gaiety should look sickly in day. Greene, his life now almost spent—he was thirty—quick to realize all that lay latent in the new idea, forsakes love-romances for similar warnings against

"Coney-catching." This "Never Too Late" was the first of these : the first of those eloquent amends "for the faults and follies of his youth."

Much has been said of the wretched debauchery, the absolute ignominy, of Greene's manhood. That he was reckless we know ; but that he became steeped in infamy we do not believe. The faithless friendship of Nash, the envenomed malignity of Hervey, have wrecked his reputation ; but we to whom he has left the "purity and beauty of his verse," will hold his name, if stained, not ignoble. Good advice and bad example may be an epigrammatic description of his work and life ; but soul and heart were still paramount in the man who gave to the stage the loveliness of maiden modesty in Margaret in "Friar Bacon," and in Ida and Dorothea in "James IV.;" who in Sephestia, Philomela, and the Shepherd's Wife suffused a charm of purity till then unknown ; in whose hands "Venus and Adonis" is as free from coarseness in idea as it is refined and delicate in workmanship. There was a control not belonging to a degraded being in shutting out completely from his poems the lurid light of his life, or the boisterous blasphemy of his cups ; and a rightmindedness not pertaining to a lost libertine in a reverence for constancy and chastity in women which cannot be denied him. That there is so little of the wildness of his life in his poetry is the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had true lyrical feeling. When therefore the senses and the soul lie so wide apart we are justified in dwelling on the fairness of the one rather than on the foulness of the other : these pass ; this does and will remain. If, as in Webster's line, "Man, like to cassia, is proved best being bruised," we, having the proof in the case of Greene, need not bruise him again. Nevertheless, doubtless his "idle hours were calendars of ruth."

But if Greene now began to moralise, we need not ; and that we may lose the mood, we turn to the dainty badinage of Infida's song : "Sweet Adon, dar'st not glance thine eye?—

*N'oscres vous, mon bel ami?*—lightly French in exquisite winsomeness. Yet there *were* leas in the cup in which these beads sparkle, though the utterance of his regret was less a murmur than a sigh, the most perfect expression of which is Francisco's roundelay with its Villonesque refrain and its Villonesque charm of sadness. Had Greene, awaiting the hanging of his friend Cutter Ball, turned over the "Ballade Epitaphe" Villon made for his comrades when waiting to be hanged with them, and been led by the pathos which underlies his caustic wit to study deeper that graceless genius, that gargoyle of literature, he could not have reproduced the peculiar spell more truly than in this roundelay. His sadness deepens in the "Mourning Garment" (1590), tingeing the graceful lightness of the Shepherd's Wife's Song, and informing the whole of the songs of the Swain. It echoes again in the one exquisite song "Farewell to Folly" (1591), culminating in those verses in "A Groat's Worth of Wit" (1592) which—written in his last illness—seem to be his last sigh and call for pity upon earth. If there had been the madness of Scarron's life, there was not here the mockery of Scarren's death. And so, one "whom friends have left forlorn," hungering for "the quiet mind that want doth set to sale;" forgotten by the companions whom, we have seen, he remembered; with a hanged ruffian's outcast sister alone to attend him; and only repentance or remorse left from the wreck of life;—young Greene died an old and broken man.

Among his posthumous works we can only notice his longest poem, "A Maiden's Dream," an elegy in *rime royale* upon the death of Hatton, the Lord Chancellor: a pageant of sorrow more stately and elevated than at first thought might have been expected from him. Personified abstractions were then much in vogue, and here four of the Cardinal Virtues, with Religion, Bounty, and Hospitality, come to weep at the tomb of one who "was purse-bearer unto the poor." Prudence, "a



wreath of serpents 'bout her lily wrist ;" Friendship, "with her hand upon her heart ;" and Religion—

God wot, her garments were full loosely tucked  
As one that careless was in some despair :  
To tatters were her robes and vestures plucked,  
Her naked limbs were open to the air ;  
Yet for all this her looks were blythe and fair.  
And wondering how Religion grew forlorn  
I spied her robe by Heresy was torn.

Greene's poetry was the rapid production of eager hurry. The demands for his tale were, like his monetary needs, pressing, and he hastened to fulfil them. Despite this, the polish and finish of his verse is remarkable. With much of what Mr. Shorthouse would call true humour, his poetry had little wit. Such lines as Hospitality, "lame of a leg, as she had lost a limb," and "Women are saints, their virtues are so rare," are not recurrent ; and this want will be more marked by a comparison of his treatment of the "Ant and Grasshopper" with La Fontaine's. Greene was as incapable of that "*Vous chantiez ! j'en suis fort aise ; eh bien ! dansez maintenant,*" as he was of the *verve spirituelle* of the inimitable Frenchman. With little wit and less imagination, he is rich in felicities of fancy ; tender, graceful, limpid, rippling ; but most particularly interesting for being so full of the light of the Renaissance. Dwelling on the borders of mediævalism, he is free from its mystery as from its grotesqueness, yet drunk with that intoxication of beauty it inspired. Hovering between the glamour of life and the fairness of Nature he threw a charm on either, touching both with a spirit all his own.

D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR.

## The Man in Blue.

I AM a professor of music, and was born so long ago as the last century, at Salsberg, in Germany. My father was a merchant of that city; *fanatico per la musica*, as the Italians say, music mad. Knowing that each of his children would inherit a fair fortune, he permitted us to somewhat neglect our other studies, so that we might dedicate more time to his beloved science. My two sisters played remarkably well on the spinet, and sang finely. Karl, my only brother, was the flautist of the family, and I devoted myself to the violin. At sixteen years of age I believed myself an adept on this difficult instrument. My violin was my constant companion. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to take my dear "Fortunato," for so I called it, into the woods, and there, by the murmuring brook, beneath the rustling trees, improvise new airs and vary old ones, to my heart's content.

So greatly did my father delight in displaying the talents of his children, that he organized every Thursday afternoon an amateur concert, at which at least a quarter of the town assisted—to listen to, admire, or criticise, about as much music as could possibly be crowded into a three hours' performance. One fine Thursday afternoon in autumn, just as the first of our pieces was concluded, a very singular-looking individual entered the concert-room. He was as thin and pale as an unearthly apparition, and entirely dressed in shabby garments of light blue corduroy. His well-worn knee-breeches were blue, his jacket was blue, his vest was blue, and the huge cravat that fastened his great flapping shirt-collar was also blue. His face was the most melancholy in expression it is

possible to imagine. He had a big, hooked nose, thin lantern jaws, and the only redeeming feature which he possessed, his dark and intelligent eyes, were hidden by a pair of goggle spectacles. His hair was bright red and uncut, and his beard seemed as if it had never been trimmed since it first began to grow.

He did not attempt to apologize for his intrusion into our company, but without looking to the right or to the left made straight for a vacant seat, and taking it, prepared to listen to the music with marked attention. It was my turn to play, but I was so confused, so utterly dumfounded by the appearance of this strange personage, that when I struck my violin with the bow my hand trembled so much that I could not produce a sound. I tried again and again, and was about to give it up in despair when the Man in Blue rose from his seat and came directly to me. "Young man," said he, "you have a more difficult instrument there than you think; hand it to me, I will play in your stead." I mechanically gave him "Fortunato." Presently he began. Never in all my life had I before heard such playing. The instrument seemed to have within its wooden frame a divine soul, capable of expressing every possible emotion—joy, grief, passionate agony, and triumphant jubilee. We were all amazed and delighted, and at the termination of his concerto such a burst of enthusiastic applause greeted the singular performer that he seemed quite overcome and confused. However, he bowed his acknowledgments, though in the most grotesque fashion.

It happened that we were on the eve of a grand annual musical festival, at which some of the greatest musicians of Germany had declared their intention of being present. My father, naturally concluding that our guest was some celebrated maestro, who had arrived incognito, hastened to thank him for the favour he had conferred upon us, and also to offer him the hospitality of his house during his stay in our town. The

Man in Blue at first refused, then hesitated, and finally accepted my father's pressing invitation.

For one week we surrounded him with every attention, and he, by his gentle manners and genius, soon won our affection and respect. But all our attempts to find out who he was and whence he came proved vain; he took no notice of our discreet hints, and not one of us dared to ask the question point-blank. He set himself to work to teach me a great many things about the violin of which I was previously ignorant, and to this curious man I owe many of my greatest triumphs. "My son," he would say, "love music; music is the food of the soul—the only possession we have on earth which we shall retain in Heaven."

If a stranger happened to pay us a visit, our new friend would immediately take refuge in the garden. He liked to be alone with Karl, myself, and his violin. One day a merchant named Krebbs arrived on business which he had to transact with my father, and as he entered he stumbled against the Man in Blue, who was making good his escape. The poor violinist, on perceiving merchant Krebbs, became as pale as death, tottered to a seat in the garden, and covered with confusion, hid his face in his hands.

"Well, I am sure," said Krebbs to my father, "you are an odd man to take in that creature. Why, I thought he was in prison, or drowned, or run over."

"You know him then?" asked my father, with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Know him—of course I do. Why, his name is Bèze; he is a carpenter by trade. But, bless you, he's as mad as a March hare. Some time ago our church-organ was struck by lightning. Bèze came forward at once, and proposed to mend it, provided the parish furnished him the materials. As he was known for a good musician and a clever workman, our curé granted his request. To work went he; night and day



he laboured for at least six weeks. At last the organ was mended, Bèze struck a chord or so, and it appeared better than ever. The day arrived for the first public hearing of the renovated instrument; the mayor—all the village, in short, was present; and Bèze himself did not fail to appear, attired as usual in blue. Blue is his colour. He made some vow or other, years ago, to the Virgin, never to wear any other but her colours—blue and white. I tell you he is crazy. But to return to the organ. When our old organist began to play upon it, not a sound would it produce—except when he pulled the new stop out. Off went the organ, *whoo whee*, and then it set to squeaking and whistling like mad. The girls began to laugh, the mayor to swear, and the curé grew furious. Bèze is a fool—Bèze is an idiot—he has ruined the organ! cried every one, and soon amid the derision of the congregation, your friend left the church. Strange to say, since that day we have never again seen the creature; but our organ is completely spoilt, and remains dumb.”

Thus spoke merchant Krebbs. I would hear no more, but hurried out to console my poor friend. I found him beneath an apple-tree, sitting all forlorn, his face turned towards the sinking sun. “Ah! my young friend,” he said, “do you see yon little cloud which obscures the splendour of the sun? So the words of a foolish man may tarnish the fame of a genius.”

“But,” I replied, “see, the little cloud has vanished already, and the light of the sun is but the brighter for the contrast.”

He smiled. “The cloud that hangs over my tarnished name will have to pass away soon, or it will be too late. That organ which I constructed has a soul within it. All my life I have laboured to know how to lodge my ideal of music within the compass of a single instrument. I have done this. The soul is there. But I know not how to play upon the

organ, and they, in their blind rage, will not allow me to explain to them. Oh, if I could, before I die, but find Sebastian Bach! He would call to life the soul of music that lies sleeping in my organ, and prove to the world that Bèze is neither mad nor an impostor."

My father took no notice of what merchant Krebbs had said, and when he joined us in the garden he entreated Bèze to play for him in the open air. The Man in Blue played for us a number of national and simple melodies in such a pathetic manner that several times I saw tears in my father's eyes; at last he said, as the musician finished, "Friend, though your organ is a failure, your violin is truly heavenly. Stay with me yet a while."

"My organ is not a failure; it is the triumph of my life."

"But no one can play on it."

"One day some one will, and then——"

"Well, we will say no more about it. Come, the supper is ready." And he led the way in.

The next morning the Man in Blue was gone. We were sorry for his disappearance; but soon forgot all about it in our anxiety over the festival which was near at hand. Glück had promised to come, and we were anxious to know with whom he would stay. Then Bach arrived, and soon came Graun—illustrious Graun—whose nobility of mind inspired his lovely melodies, and with him those inseparable geniuses, Fürch and Hass. And Hamburg sent us Gasman and Teliman. Those who have never even heard the name of these great composers are yet familiar with their melodies. Many of the popular tunes now so much admired I have heard in my youth fresh from the minds of their original composers, free from the twirls and shakes clumsily added to them to disguise their true origin.

These illustrious persons were as simple and unostentatious

in manners as it is possible to be. They assembled in the Hall of St. Cecilia, and I had the privilege of assisting at their rehearsals. I often passed hours listening to their long discourses on harmony, on keys, scales, and chords. One night Glück played, for the first time, a portion of his "Iphigenia;" and on another, Bach enchanted us by a performance of his delightful preludes. Bach, somehow or other, took a fancy to me. He had observed the marked attention with which I listened to the remarks of the different composers, and to their music. He asked me my name, and who my father was; and I in answer, growing bold, not only related all that concerned myself, but also the story of my Friend in Blue.

"An organ that no one can play upon!" exclaimed this great composer; "well, that is singular."

"But I am sure you can."

"Why?"

"Because I am certain that the man that made the organ is a great musician, although he cannot play upon it himself. He plays upon the violin."

"As well as I do?" asked Graun.

I hesitated, and hung my head: I did not dare say "yes," and yet I would not say "no."

"Speak up, my boy; say the truth always, and shame the devil."

"He plays better than you, sir, I think; but then he plays out in the woods, and music sounds better there than in a close room."

"True, it does."

"My masters," said I at last, after some hesitation, "will any one of you, in your charity, try the organ—the village is not distant—and thus justify the poor man?"

"I will myself," answered Bach; "on Sunday. But say nothing about it to any one. Only to your friend, if you can

find him, in order to induce him to be present in the church on that morning."

With heartfelt thanks I gave the illustrious composer my promise to obey in every particular his injunctions.

On leaving the St. Cecilia Hall that evening (it was Friday) almost the first person I met was, to my surprise, the Man in Blue. Hidden in the courtyard of the Hall, he had been listening to the music, and was in a state of nervous enthusiasm which quite alarmed me. I hesitated to inform him what Bach intended to do, but at last I did so. He received the news in a manner that I little expected. He made no demonstration of joy, but followed me in silence until we were in a lonely part of the town—a little square, in the centre of which grew three or four old trees. Here he paused, and sinking on his knees, prayed earnestly. The moon shone down upon his uplifted face, and it seemed almost beautiful, so great was the expression it bore of devotion and intellect. When he had finished his prayer he embraced me in silence, and we parted.

Sunday arrived, and at an early hour I started for the church of the village. As I traversed the little field in front of it, I beheld advancing from the opposite side several of the professors, and amongst them Bach. By-and-by, as it got noised about that some of the celebrities were in the church, it filled to excess. Presently, Bach mounted the organ-loft. How my heart beat! Mass began. At the "Kyrie," for the first time, the instrument gave forth sounds, but sounds of such heavenly sweetness that the congregation was thrilled as if by the music of the angels. As the Mass advanced the more marvellous became the harmony. The "Agnus" was so plaintive that I saw tears in the eyes of Glück, who stood by me; and the "Sanctus" sounded so triumphantly that it required but little imagination to believe that the cherubim and seraphim were present singing their jubilant song of praise:

"Holy, holy, is the Lord God of Sabaoth."



And the Man in Blue, where was he ?

By the altar, with his face turned towards his organ. His whole countenance was radiant, his eyes were bright, and a look ecstatic and serene passed over his features. But how ethereal he looked !

When Mass was over the congregation passed round the porch to see the great composers. "Long live Bach !" "Hail to Glück !" they cried as they recognized these popular men.

But Bach held aloof. "Lead me," he said, "to that man of genius who has so wonderfully improved the king of instruments."

"Master," I answered, "he is in the church." And we re-entered the sacred edifice together, followed by Graun. I led them to the Man in Blue. But what a change had come over him ! The pallor of death was on his brow ; he had sunk back on a bench, and when he perceived us vainly strove to rise. "Ah ! excuse me, my masters. I receive you very badly ; but I am not well—the joy has killed me. I am dying, gentlemen, of joy."

They raised him between them. I ran for the priest, and to the doors, which I shut to prevent the entrance of any intruders.

"Master, whilst I confess, play to me," he said to Bach.

Bach, seeing that mortal aid was useless, left us, and went up to the organ. Solemnly he played. He played, as he afterwards said, as he never played before or since. The priest arrived, and Graun and I knelt down whilst the Man in Blue received the last Sacraments. This pious act accomplished, we went nearer to him. He took my hand, and Graun rested the head of Bèze upon his breast. Solemnly the music stole through the silent church ; solemnly the sunlight streamed through the stained windows, and the Angel of Death stood within the temple of God.

"I am very happy," murmured the dying man, "since Bach

plays to me on my organ, and Graun permits me to rest upon his bosom."

To me he said, "God bless thee, my child—tell them I was not mad, nor an impostor. My organ had a soul."

Graun stooped and kissed his pale brow, and with an exquisite look of gratitude the Man in Blue died, and the Angel of Death winged his way to heaven, bearing the poor carpenter's soul to God.

R. DAVEY.

## Song.

A M I wrong in sighing  
For the days gone by,  
With the date of dying  
Every day more nigh ?  
Everything was merry  
In the days of youth,  
Innocent and very  
Far above the truth.

Every one is sorry  
In the night of age,  
Having no hope—for he  
Is become too sage.  
Every one has leisure  
When he is a boy,  
Time is all a pleasure,  
And the world a joy.

Everything is less sure  
When a man is old,  
Time is under pressure,  
And the world is cold.  
Is there anybody,  
When he thinks of this,  
But would sip his toddy,  
And give his child a kiss ?

R. D. BLACKMORE.

## Human Instincts : Their Lapse and their Survival.

MAN is not what he might be. Sedulous attention, guided by reason and experience, and directed to the perfection of the physical faculties, of the senses, and of the instincts, and going side by side with what we understand by education, might have produced at this stage of the history of the race a being of brilliant, subtle, and complicated powers, the resources of whose position in the creation would be all but infinite. Man has, however, deliberately consented not only to neglect that development of his instincts which the guidance and direction of reason might have produced, but to renounce them, even as they stood in their undeveloped or spontaneous state—the state in which the animals possess them. The conscious faculties have been cultivated at the expense of those which are instinctive or unconscious.

The instincts of man are not altogether lost ; but such as survive are weakened in the race, and still more weakened in the adult individual. The child inherits them—such of them, that is, as belong to his age—in their feeble state, and all but loses them as he grows up. It is worthy of note that the instincts which have a place in childhood are stronger than those which come into play only in later life. For example, those which refer to food, and to self-preservation, generally are the strongest ; those which refer to the forces of Nature in man's contest with her, and to the preservation of offspring, are the weakest which civilization has left us. The reader may be not a little shocked at hearing it stated that the parental instinct is losing in the



world. He may perhaps quote Thackeray, in the famous passage which describes a modern woman's passion—"How much higher and lower than reason!"—for her child; and may insist that it is not in the power of artificial civilization to deaden the beautiful sentiments of maternity. Granting this for a moment, and only for a moment, what about the beautiful instincts of paternity? Is it not an unquestionable fact that these are all but extinct in the contemporary human heart? The subject is one which generally provokes the Briton to facile jesting; it is not, however, particularly comic, and is not so considered outside the British isles. We may, then, be permitted to treat the matter without any appeal to the ready-made laughter of the flippant.

Paternity as a source of pride and a motive of duty does exist, and probably will always exist; but paternity as an instinct is partly dead. It is one of the first of the primitive instincts to die, because the conditions of modern society have most quickly and completely rendered it superfluous. The father does not need to defend and feed his child *directly*—what he does in this way mediately not being done in a manner to evoke or foster his instinct. The desire of children (the first of the paternal impulses) has been eradicated from man's heart by the habits of modern life. A man may desire offspring, because pride or vanity impel him to wish for the continuance of his name or the preservation of his riches, or even because he has a nature sufficiently affectionate to rejoice at the multiplication of home ties; but even this latter feeling is not what Mr. Justin Macarthy calls the elementary passion. It is certain that such a passion was strong in primitive man, because it was necessary, and because the most primitive (being the freest) creatures that came under our cognizance—the birds—exhibit it to us in its complete and original force. Significant, too, is the fact that as this instinct is the one which has most entirely disappeared among civilized men, so it

is the one which is the most impaired among such animals as are affected by the conditions of human civilization. The family does not exist among domestic animals, and the Saturnian acts of the cat are proverbial.

And with regard to the elementary passion of motherhood, the world is beginning to face the fact of its very sensible diminution. The consideration is not a pleasant one; for though among the educated classes affectionateness and duty may ensure for children the protection which is necessary for their preservation, and which instinct formerly supplied, yet there are masses of the population, in large towns especially, which, having lost the elementary passion, have little affectionateness or duty to replace it. These people are not uncivilized, they are decivilized; the primitive impulse is not in them; the deliberate motion is not in them. Thousands of mothers among the more degraded poor have neither passion nor love for their children. If the refined modern woman, bearing her first child, is struck with disappointment at the unemotional state of her heart, if she feels that the complications, the subtleties, the sophistications of her easy life have, in spite of herself and unknown to herself, spoilt the singleness, directness, and completeness of her passion; how is it with her whose heart is sophisticated not with ease but with poverty, complicated not by intellectualism but by the struggle for existence, subtilized not by literature and art, but by the unnaturalness of the alleys of a town, the gin-shop, and the pawnshop?

In Mr. Browning's *Idyll of the wolves*, the woman who throws her children from the sledge is called "motherhood's sole disgrace." But alas! motherhood has had hundreds and hundreds of thousands of such disgraces. There is not a street in any town that is not filled with them; the overcrowded cities of England, into which the laws of entail have driven the people from the wholesome land, are so full of the crimes of mothers, that an eminent medical authority once startled London

by his computation of the number of murderesses that must be met in the course of any walk through the streets. Indeed, there is not a doctor living who is not aware of the fact ; it is, however, one of those truths which a nation may be almost excused for trying, in very shame, to ignore. But the criminals themselves cannot plead ignorance ; for we need no laws to impress upon us our obligations to Nature, while in all ages theology, which might be supposed to deal rather with the supernatural than with the natural, formally acknowledges Nature as the primitive and the ultimate legislator, and keeps her last anathemas for offences against the natural law.

And yet the generally deadened instinct survives here and there in almost pristine force. Danger perhaps reveals it in hearts which are disappointedly conscious of being devoid of it in peace and safety ; and many of the mothers who have fewer raptures than they hoped for over their children would instinctively give their own lives to save those children in a fire or a flood. This is so still ; but, progressing as we are doing, it will not be so long. Here and there also the full, fresh, natural elementary and passionate feeling other than maternal survives in a phenomenal manner, but neither in the classes which are subtilized by thought and luxury nor in those which are perverted by misery. Here is an instance. A succession of morning strolls in Kensington Gardens had brought us frequently face to face with a woman of the upper servant class, who walked alone and quickly up and down and in and out of the roads and paths with a quickness of step that drew the eye to her immediately. The suffering in her face was then at once observable, and it was remarkable as being evidently mental and not physical pain, but the mental pain of an animal. There was in the unhappy woman's eyes a hunger of the heart, a loss, a singleness and simplicity of sadness which seemed to remove her sorrow from the thoughtful and complicated griefs with which we are most familiar. It was evident to one who looked at her

that he was face to face with elementary nature. After meeting her many times, we asked a bystander about her. "Oh, she comes every day, morning and afternoon; she's fretting after her baby." "What do you mean by that?" "Why she's a nurse who has been discharged from her place," was the reply; "and she walks about here to meet the baby when they bring it out." So that there are tragedies, and tragedies of the most primitive and therefore heroic kind, enacted now and then among the gravel paths, the perambulators, the crowds of infant Philistinism.

Another instinct which has lapsed in some of the phases of modern life is that elementary impulse which has often been pronounced universal—the impulse of self-preservation. Life has ceased to be very precious to man for its own sake. It was precious to the primitive being who had to defend it hourly from enemies, cold, hunger, thirst, wild beasts, and the forces of the elements; but to those to whom safety is a habit, and by whom food and fire are taken for granted, mere life has lost some of its value by losing all its difficulty. That which costs us nothing can never keep its price. Life may be infinitely precious to us for the sake of what it contains; in itself it has become cheap. Added to this, that languor of the physical functions which accompanies such habitual security has caused large classes of modern society to be conscious of existence as a slightly and insipidly disagreeable sensation; and superadded again is the shade of pessimism which is closely and surely advancing over the field of modern thought. Contemporary speculations are tending far less towards what are supposed to be the joyousness of paganism and the serenities of science than towards the despair of pessimism. Neither Mr. Herbert Spencer nor Mr. Swinburne will probably have the last word; it is the dark utterance of Schopenhauer which is likely to be pronounced by modern Agnosticism to be "the one sad Gospel which is true."



But leaving vaticination and confining ourselves to our review of present conditions, we shall find plenty of authority for our statement that the instinct of self-preservation is dull amongst the easy and educated classes of nineteenth century communities. Thought and feeling as to the desirability of mere existence, as upon all other subjects, are complex and mixed ; and all complexity of thought is injurious to the completeness and singleness of the elementary passions. Sudden dangers or a long state of peril in the accidents of pleasure, labour, or mere locomotion, have more than once of late been the means of bringing to light this particular form of hesitation of feeling in the face of life and death. In effect, it is only natural that, since the world has ceased to rejoice at birth, it should feel mixed and modified pain at death. It is not too much to say that the reluctance of modern man to pay the debt of nature consists almost entirely in his pessimistic fear of what may be beyond the grave, and that love of life for life's sake—love of his home, the earth, love of his own living flesh and blood—have hardly any part in it. Brutus tells his wife that she is as dear to him

As are the ruddy drops  
That visit this sad heart.

Whatever was Shakespeare's neglect of local colour, he was rich in touches such as this comparison—so pertinent to the time, temper, and place of which he wrote. The Roman, and still more the Greek, loved his life, his flesh and blood, his own hands that worked for him, his own feet that served him ; it seemed infinitely pitiful to him that these should become the prey of corruption or of fire, and existence apart from these—existence among the Shades—was not held worthy of the name of life. Christianity subverted and inverted all this feeling, but its absence from common contemporary sentiment is perhaps owing less to Christianity than to the peculiar form of pessimism which the overcrowding of the world, the weakness of the

average health and vitality, and the *cheapness of man* in our times have spread abroad in the general heart. Nevertheless, the instinct of self-preservation will never die. It partakes of the character of those instincts which are rather bodily than mental impulses. Man preserves his life as spontaneously and unconsciously as his hand wards a blow from his head, or as his eyes blink against the dust, or as his teeth labour at his food, while his thoughts may be entirely engrossed on other things. Such physical movements of reflex action scarcely come within the scope of our subject, our concern being with the elementary passion, which is mental though instinctive.

Those primitive passions, which are rarely called into play, and which are therefore not worn out by use, and which—lying outside the range of ordinary experience—are hardly at all affected by the altered conditions of modern life, are those which show the most complete survivals, and have retained most of their primeval strength. A very striking instance of such survival was shown at the time of the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. A false and mischievous rumour was spread after the Cawnpore massacre, as to the sufferings of our unfortunate countrywomen. It is only necessary to allude to this painful mistake by which Englishmen were led to believe that a fate worse than death—an ignominious captivity—had befallen the victims of the Sepoys. What concerns us here is the extraordinary display of instinctive human passion to which it gave rise. Never before in modern times had Englishmen been found asking in cold blood and with perfect deliberation for the sanction of the law in burning, impaling, and flaying alive their enemies. This is, however, what numbers of them did demand in 1857, because they were then full of that overpowering primitive instinct—a man's jealous protection of women, whether he be husband, father, brother, or friend. All the rage and all the revenge of which man's nature is capable are awakened by an attack upon his honour

in the women who in any way depend upon him. In the case to which we refer there was of course ample reason for all the bitter indignation which the cruel murder of the gentle and innocent must awaken ; and if the false rumour had been true there would have been full cause for immeasurable vindictiveness ; but the feeling which prompted that historical call for leave to torture was simply a complete survival of the savage instinct of furious elementary masculine jealousy.

But for one primitive passion which has thus survived, for lack of frequent use, many have lapsed. It may be a question whether the old instinct of love in seeking a wife has not suffered considerable diminution in the mixed circumstances and motives—what we have called the hesitations—of modern existence. Some lost instincts are not altogether so regrettable as this. There are the savage impulses in respect of food, for instance—the egoistic passions of the primitive struggle for existence which have disappeared from adult life, but which are to be observed in full play in the nursery. We have seen a very young baby, only able to crawl, so distressed at seeing a stray kitten presented with some of his surplus food that he stretched his body, with loud outcries, over the plate. Nature had not forgotten the primitive struggle for meat between the child and the cat. It would be curious to observe, were it possible, whether the elementary instinct of making what the Indians of Colonel Butler's "Wild North Land" call *caches* would develop itself in the European baby. The Red Man and his dog both have the habit of burying their superfluous food in the snow on days of plenty, so that it may be at hand for digging up in the time of scarcity. The observation cannot, however, be made, for long before the European infant acquires animal intelligence and strength enough to make a *cache*, he becomes aware of the unfailing nature of his supply of daily food, and so the instinct has no chance of developing. Even the poor little street arab has not the alternations of plenty and starvation which always fall to

the lot of primitive man ; it is unhappily the fact that the de-civilized being, having no hunt, no white days on which large game falls to his arrow, never can be said to be in possession of superfluous—perhaps never of sufficient—food.

That the natural belligerent passions have been eliminated from certain large classes of modern men is a truism ; in other classes they have been greatly moderated, in others they remain almost intact. And this state of things is satisfactory, because in civilization fighting is made the sole business of some and not at all the business of others, instead of entering into the work of all classes of men. Its entire absence from the composition of some minds is perhaps necessary to the development of the extreme type of modern thinker, *savant*, and poet. Shelley, though no coward, had nothing of the fighting man in him. The unhappiness of his boyhood was chiefly due to the absence of the belligerent instinct, but his poetry assuredly owed much to that absence. Keats, on the contrary, was pugnacious, but his work is only occasionally touched with the wild magic which is never absent from Shelley's. It is impossible to imagine either John Stuart Mill or Mr. Herbert Spencer as having any share whatever of the bellicose instinct of primitive man. Civilization, then, *has* done service to some particular departments of the intellectual world by dividing labour and suppressing elementary passion, but the general loss has too probably largely outweighed the gain.

It is not easy to make a mental picture of man as he might have been, with all the instincts, which are generally useful to the perfection of character, not only preserved but developed ; with all the instincts which are not generally necessary divided and relegated to the classes in which they are useful ; and, last not least, with the animal faculties, as distinct from the passions, not totally neglected, as we find them now in civilized society, but so cultivated and refined upon that his scent might be as subtle as that of the hound, his



hearing as keen as the Indian's, his sight as long as the vulture's. These would be a wonderful combination of physical cultivation with æsthetic. Take the sense of hearing for instance. The ear which is trained to take extreme delight in the harmonies of Schumann, would also be able to hear the changes of the wind, and to distinguish, as does the hunted moose in its sleep, the one little dry twig broken off by the fingers of a man from the hundreds which the winter storm is snapping in the woods. The artistic eye, perfect in the faculty of taking pleasure in colour and form, so highly educated in the beauties of line that the figure of an Etruscan urn gives it a feast of delight, and so analytical that it knows how to separate the elements of the subtlest hues, would also be able to see the colour of a flag at the mast of a ship on the horizon, the tracks of a man or a beast upon field and path, and earth and shore, the pilot stars at noon. At the same time, faculties quite distinct from the five senses which we know, faculties which there is reason to believe are known to some of the aborigines of Australia, might be re-awakened in the modern physique. Some of these people declare themselves to be aware by means of a "throbbing of the flesh" of the approach of men, of the direction of an arrow, and of other things not within sight or hearing. Certain it is that any one of our present ways of receiving communications with the world about us might seem, if we had never heard of it before, as mysterious as the Australian's "throbbing of the flesh;" all the senses are transcendental, and this is not more incredible than those with which we are familiar. And it might be a curious matter of speculation how the developments of civilization could be brought to bear upon this possible sixth sense. It might in time receive an æsthetic perfection, such as sight and hearing have received, and be, in unimagined ways, a source of human pleasure now quite inconceivable.

As to the cultivation of one of the senses, we have nothing

whatever to complain of, and that is the sense of taste. Modern life has afforded mankind opportunities to develop this far more fully than primitive man could do in any of his circumstances—the reason being, of course, that this sense is the only one of which the physical perfection is promoted by safety and not by danger, by luxury and not by hardship. And in effect the physical happiness conferred by the sense of taste is one of the few sensible enjoyments which the apathetic of our time seem to relish fully. Yet all the senses and all the instincts are good. Life would be better worth living for a greater perfection in our neglected senses, and would be more single, straight, tender, and heroic for the better preservation of our neglected instincts.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## Emperor and Ex-Minister.

THE discussions of Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs have referred chiefly, if not altogether, to those home politics which extend—not very far—the interests of the family and of the parish. It has been asserted that men are so little really affected in their intimate feeling by what Lord Beaconsfield used to call “affairs,” and other statesmen know as public business, that no one, however engrossed in such his days might be, ever gave himself to them in unresisting sleep. No one, it is said, ever dreams of politics. But if the rule admits exceptions we may be sure that the exceptional dreamer dreams of home politics and their excessively trivial personalities. The details of a change of administration are such as for minuteness and familiarity may fitly occupy the thoughts of women and the dreams of men.

But there are other interests in Lord Malmesbury's Recollections—interests which are personal indeed, but which are also worthy of being called historical. For instance, the history of the Second French Empire is scattered through the volumes in significant fragments. That they are not digested, or planned, or treated as the summary of history, adds perhaps to their value. Fragments should, at any rate, be fragmentary; it is a mistake to try and make them quintessential because they are small. Lord Malmesbury has no such attempt. Where his career touched the career of Napoleon the Third, he made a note of the encounter, and the note is in every case suggestive, as a record of facts historical in all the force of the term.

Of course, an early mention of the young Prince occurs in the familiar connection of Lady Blessington, Bulwer, Dickens, and D'Orsay, and those other familiar names that sound distant,

like all other things belonging to the youth of our fathers. Every generation is surprised in turn at the shortness of its own life, but keeps the illusion of childhood as to the immense spaces of time that were lived through by the generation that immediately preceded it; and so to the majority of writers and readers now, who have seen Wilhelmshöhe, the prison of Ham is very far away in time. And in effect the life of Napoleon hurried the political facts and acts as that of Raphael hurried the artistic—a process that seems to lengthen life by making it full, and to stretch time by making it contain rapid thought and action. Every one must be familiar with the power of multiplied interests and swift events to lengthen private time, and so has France dealt with historic time, from the Revolution to the (so far) final establishment of the bourgeoisie Republic. Long ago, then, Lord Malmesbury met the young Prince whose future was his secret—first in Rome, where his mother, Queen Hortense, had “an agreeable house” in the midst of an universal conspiracy, Louis and his brother being with Pepoli and the Prince and Princess Belgiojoso—the Princess as leader of the female conspirators—the most conspicuous among the active Carbonari. The Pontifical Government watched this society, but did not “molest” it. Lord Malmesbury’s fragmentary records are not reassuring as to the quality of morality in this society, with its mysteries and plots and plans. “There was a great deal of gambling among the English and other foreigners, and, as it was principally *écarté*, a great deal of cheating. One constant player and winner was a Frenchman, who called himself Colonel Voutier, of the Liberating Greek Army. . . He was much patronized by the Reine Hortense and her son Louis. He won a great deal of English money.”

Doubtful Colonels of liberating Greek armies and the men whose gold they get become rather significant as the earliest associates of a Prince who had always a certain ignoble companionship at his side, and under whose Empire politics talked



the cheaper kinds of rhetoric, and society the smarter kinds of slang. Louis was just of age. "Nor would any one," says Lord Malmesbury, "at that time have predicted his great and romantic career. He was a wild harum-scarum youth, or what the French call *un crâne*, riding at full gallop down the streets to the peril of the public, fencing and pistol-shooting, and apparently without serious thoughts of any kind, although even then he was possessed with the conviction that he would some day rule France. We became friends, but at that time he evinced no remarkable talent or any fixed idea but the one I have mentioned. It grew upon him with his growth, and increased daily until it ripened into a certainty. He was a very good horseman, and proficient at athletic games, being short but very active and muscular. His face was grave and dark, but redeemed by a singularly bright smile. Such was his personal appearance in 1829, at twenty-one years of age. He used to have several old officers of his uncle, the Emperor, about him, men who seemed to me to be ready for any adventure."

And when the future Emperor came to London it is at a doubtful house like Lady Blessington's that we find him oftenest, and it was from companions in exile—discontents not highly exalted above the politicians of Leicester Square, that we had the most abundant remembrances of this period in his life. We find him indeed taking part in the brilliant Eglinton Tournament, held at the castle in Ayrshire in 1839, where, under the smiles of the lovely Lady Seymour, the young French Prince with his future Minister, Persigny, rode at the side of Lord Eglinton in his gold-inlaid armour. But otherwise he seems to have foregathered chiefly, at least after his escape from Ham, with the frequenters of that suspected drawing-room into which English ladies did not enter. By that time the harum-scarum boy of Rome had changed into the silent man, with wandering averted eyes and dull manner, who is familiar in the description of his associates. The Boulogne episode and the detention in prison

were then a part of his experience. It was on the eve of that wild exploit that Lord Malmesbury saw him standing one night with Persigny, after a party at Lady Blessington's, both wrapped in cloaks on the steps of her house. "You look like two conspirators," said the diarist, as he passed them, to which Louis Napoleon made the dramatic answer, "You may be nearer right than you think." Two days later he had started in a steamer hired for a fortnight, had landed near Boulogne with fifty followers, had marched to the barracks where the soldiers utterly refused to listen to him, had fled before the arrival of the National Guard, had been swamped in a life-boat and picked up clinging to a buoy a short distance from shore. The adventure had ended more seriously for some of his companions, who were killed after they had surrendered, while others requisitioned the horses of some English spectators and got away. His trial had followed immediately, exciting "no interest whatever," though it was generally believed that the sentence would be one of confinement for life. Then had come the imprisonment, and Lord Malmesbury had visited him at the castle of Ham on the Somme when the Prince had been confined five years.

"Early last January," writes Lord Malmesbury in 1845, "he sent M. Ornano to London to ask me to come and see him on a matter of vital importance to himself. I was unable to go till now, and having obtained with some difficulty a permission from M. Guizot to see the Prince, I went to Ham on April 20. I found him little changed, and very much pleased to see an old friend fresh from the outer world, and that world London. As I had only half-a-day allowed me for the interview, he confessed that, although his confidence and courage remained unabated, he was weary of his prison, from which he saw no chance of escaping, as he knew that the French Government gave him opportunities of doing so that they might shoot him in the act. He stated that a deputation had arrived from

Ecuador offering him the Presidency of the Republic if Louis Philippe would release him, and in that case he would give the King his parole never to return to Europe. He had therefore sent for me as a supporter and friend of Sir Robert Peel, at that time our Prime Minister, to urge Sir Robert to intercede with Louis Philippe to comply with his wishes, promising every possible guarantee for his good faith. The Prince was full of a plan for a new canal in Nicaragua, that promised every kind of advantage to British commerce. As a precedent for English official interference I was to quote Earl Grey's in favour of Prince Polignac's release in 1830. I assured the Prince that I would do my best ; but added that Lord Aberdeen was our Foreign Secretary, and that there was nothing of romance in his character. At this time Louis Napoleon was deeply engaged in writing the history of artillery, and he took an hour in making me explain the meaning of several technical words in English, which he wished translated. He gave me a full account of his failure at Boulogne, which he declared was entirely owing to the sudden illness of the officer of the day, whom he had secured, and who was to have given up the barracks at once. The soldiers had mostly been gained, and the prestige of his name in the French army was universal. To prove this, he assured me that the cavalry escort of lancers who accompanied him to Ham made him constant gestures of sympathy on the road. He then said, ' You see the sentry under my window ? I do not know whether he is one of *mine* or not ; if he is he will cross his arms, if not, he will do nothing when I make a sign.' He went to the window and stroked his moustache, but there was no response until three were relieved, when the soldier answered by crossing his arms over his musket. The Prince then said, ' You see that my partisans are unknown to me, and so am I to them. My power is in an immortal name, and in that only ; but I have waited long enough, and cannot endure imprisonment any longer.' . . . The

day after I arrived in London I saw Sir Robert Peel, and related my interview and message to him. He seemed to be greatly interested, and certainly not averse to apply to the French Government in the Prince's favour, on his conditions, but said he must consult Lord Aberdeen, which of course was inevitable. That evening he wrote to me to say that Lord Aberdeen would not hear of it. Who can tell how this decision of the noble lord may influence future history?"

No wonder if, after the refusal to allow him to be President of Ecuador, and after he had turned the tables upon his gaolers by his escape, Louis Napoleon began to dissemble with something more than the conviction of the stage. We hear less of the cloak at this time, and more of the mask of silence and dulness. To Lord Malmesbury himself the exiled Prince was apparently still frank. This is how his reappearance in England is described: "May 27, 1846. On returning home from White's Club, a man ran over the street and stopped my horse, and at first I did not recognize him, but, to my great surprise, I saw Louis Napoleon, whom I had left two months before as a prisoner in the fortress of Ham. He had just landed in England after his escape, and was going into the Brunswick Hotel in Jermyn Street. On the same day we dined with the Duke of Beaufort at Hamilton House, and as the party was sitting down to dinner, I saw opposite me Louis de Noailles, who was one of the Attachés at the French Embassy, and said across the table to him, 'Have you seen him?' 'Who?' he asked. 'Louis Napoleon,' I replied; 'he is in London, having just escaped.' De Noailles dropped the lady who was on his arm, and made but one jump out of the room; for it seems that the news had not reached the French Embassy. I never saw a man look more frightened."

Of the Emperor's after-career, and the glimpses we get of it in the "Reminiscences of an Ex-Minister," we shall speak on another occasion.

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.



## Reviews and Views.

Professor Ruskin's oddly-named series of Oxford Lectures have continued to cause a delighted interest which the reports—even such admirably digested plans as those which won the lecturer's praise in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—do not altogether explain. Mr. Ruskin often uses phrases in speaking which a smile explains, or a delicate hesitation, which is like a broken outline in drawing, excuses. Such things are not reportable. What is spoken gaily has no gaiety of print to represent it. Nevertheless there are beauties in “The Pleasures of Fancy” which cannot escape the most wooden reporting. It was the most discursive and digressive of the series, and the historical period—Cœur de Lion to Elizabeth—by no means confined the lecturer's range. He began, indeed, by telling his audience that his history had got “shoved all wrong” in the preceding lectures, that one had to fill up the gaps in the other, and that the series was getting a good deal behind date. This would have been a mild way of describing the state in which Mr. Ruskin left his periods by the time he had done that day's work. Happily for those who enjoy, either curiously or sympathetically, the charm of his address or the substance of his thought, he has promised to supplement the “Pleasures of England” by additional lectures, and to give a special one on Giorgione, with a description of whose altar-piece at Castel Franco he concluded, most exquisitely, “The Pleasures of Fancy.”

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The first gap in the previous lecture which Mr. Ruskin filled

up was an enumeration of the "Five Christmas Days," which, as it happens, sum up the history of five centuries. These dates were written down on a diagram which hung conspicuously on the wall behind the lecturer, and are as follows:—Christmas Day 496, Clovis baptized; 800, Charlemagne crowned; 1041, the Vow of Aversa (the settlement of the Normans, near Naples, whose vow was referred to in the last lecture); 1066, the Conqueror crowned; 1130, Roger II. crowned. "These Christmas Days will be referred to in later lectures," said Mr. Ruskin, "in connection with the way you keep Christmas Days now." The filling up of another gap was also a correction. "In the last lecture I gave you incidentally what was, in my opinion, extremely good advice—namely, never to make a shot at anything, neither at a word—no, nor at a bird. I was the better qualified to give that sage advice because I was at the moment making a shot myself at the name of the Venetian Doge who was defeated by Robert Guiscard. I thought at the time it was Pietro Orseolo, but I now remember that it was Domenico Selvo;" and Mr. Ruskin proceeded to say some more about this great Doge, reading from the chapter entitled "Divine Right" in "St. Mark's Rest"—a chapter which was always meant for a lecture, since much of its meaning depends on accent. It describes how the people of Venice went in armed boats to the Lido and prayed "that God would grant to them such a king as should be worthy to reign over them," and how suddenly as they prayed there rose up with one accord among the multitude the cry, "Domenico Selvo! We will and we approve." "Carlyle has given you a description of a grand election in that of the Abbot Samson, but this is a grander still." The chapter then goes on to tell how Domenico entered barefoot the Field of St. Mark (all covered with green grass then), how he gave the people pillage of his palace ("modern bribery is quite as costly and not half so merry")—and how he afterwards took a Greek maid for his

wife, whose luxury, especially in the use of "certain two-pronged instruments" wherewith to eat her meat, was miraculous in the eyes of simple Venice, but whose reign "first gave the glories of Venetian art in true inheritance from the angels of that Athenian Rock above which Ion spread his starry tapestry, and under whose shadow his mother had gathered the crocus in the dew."

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The mention of "Ion" led Mr. Ruskin into a little digression about the violet, for Euripides' violet was the *viola odorata* of pure blue, the *fleur-de-lys* of Byzantine ornament. "Gathering it at its home at Palermo long ago I matched it against the 'violet sea,' and could not tell which was which. Here are my drawings of the sea and of the flower. I have given you in the Turner Gallery here in Oxford his rendering of the Mediterranean Sea—more skilful in its effect of haze than mine, but mine, I think, a little more true in colour—at any rate I put all the colour in my box on it. It is a picture of what spring grass is like—in Sicily you cannot say whether it is green or blue, pure white in Florence and in France, and gold here on Isis' banks, till your horrible races came and embanked the stream and the noisy crowds of you trampled the flowers."

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Returning now to "business," Mr. Ruskin gave a preliminary definition of what he meant by imagination. "In 'Modern Painters' I distinguished unnecessarily between fancy and imagination. Dean Stanley's word 'fantasy' is accurate for both, fancy being concerned with lighter things. When a boy falls foolishly in love with a girl, you say he has taken a fancy for her; but if he loves her rightly, that is to say for her noble qualities, you ought to say he has taken an imagination for her; for then he is endowed with the new light of love, which sees and tells of the mind in her. And not falsely or vainly.

Wordsworth, indeed, says of his wife, most foolishly and conceitedly—

Such if thou wert in all men's view,  
An universal show,  
What would my fancy have to do,  
My feelings to bestow?

thus making of her a mere lay figure for the drapery of his fancy. But the true lover's love discovers, not bestows—discovers what is most precious in his mistress and works most deeply for his life and happiness. Day by day, as he loves her better, he discerns her more truly. The truth and faith of the lover is the foundation of all the joy in imagination, that is to say in truths of configuration. When I speak of the pleasures of truth I mean untransfigured truth, whereas what the imagination exercises itself upon is configured truth. Thus you may look at a girl until she seems to you an angel, because at best all girls are angels; but no amount of looking at a cockchafer will convert it into a girl. The consequences of the frank and eager use of the fancy on religious subjects are to be seen in the change from the 'three whale's cubs' to the perfect types of the Virgin and Son—divine because with most affectionate truth human. This apotheosis by the imagination is the subject of the present lecture; to-day I only describe it, in the next lecture I shall discuss it."

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Then followed an eloquent passage on the saints and symbols of Northern and Southern races. The ideal Charity of Giotto at Padua, Mr. Ruskin reminded his hearers, tramples upon bags of gold, gives only corn and flowers; while God's angel gives her, not even these, but a heart. The charity on the west porch of Amiens clothes a beggar with the staple manufacture of the town. Under the former exercise of the imagination the lion personifies the Evangelists; an angel, justice; and some personification is found for every Platonic myth and Athanasian article. Mr. Ruskin then went through some of



the saints whose glorious company was one of the pleasures of imagination—speaking first of St. Sophia, the pacific and scholastic ghost of Athena, and of St. Catherine of Egypt. Witty proud, fanciful—she is the bride in Solomon's Song, combining the purest life of the nun with the brightest death of a martyr. St. Barbara—confined like Danaë, in a tower (*inclusam Danaën turris aëna*)—is of all saints the most practical, the personification of the art of building. The tower of St. Barbara is the perfected symbol of Gothic architecture. She is protectress against lightning, and the first to hear the petition in the Litany against sudden death. The later legends connecting her with cannon and gunpowder—with attack instead of defence—are a base corruption ; and no doubt we shall have her next as the figure-head of an ironclad. St. Margaret of Antioch—the Geneviève of the East, winning a soul's victory like Alcestis—is the type of all meekness and gentleness, the pattern of all gracious and lowly womanhood. “Of St. Cecilia, I may say, like the carter in Miss Edgeworth's ‘Harry and Lucy’ who refuses to believe the story of the upset till he hears the name of the hill where it took place—that a visit to her Church in Rome establishes the legend of her. She is, of course, the patron saint of music, but her true note is not so often insisted upon.” In a manuscript dated 1290, in Mr. Ruskin's possession—“I have selfishly kept it in my own house, but it shall go to your schools now”—there is this story of St. Cecilia told :—While the organs were playing Cecilia sang to the Lord that He would keep her heart in purity. “We have hardly so clear a notion of the baptising, purifying power of music now, and St. Cecilia's presence at a Monday's Pop. would be as little expected as desired.” Of all the typic saints she is the greatest, and all who strive to purify themselves by fireside or wayside may hear Cecilia sing. For St. Ursula, Mr. Ruskin referred to “Fors Clavigera ;” and of the more historical class of saints he only enumerated, taking their names from St. Louis's psalter,

Magdalen, Geneviève, Scholastica, Agatha, Felicitas, Christina, Honorine, Euphemia, Eugenia. Of Magdalen alone Mr. Ruskin made one remark—that any woman, whatever her position, who sells herself for money is a harlot, while Magdalen is the type of those for whom the guilt of others around them have “taken away my Christ; I know not where they have laid him.”

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Mr. Ruskin then passed to a second pleasure of imagination—not any longer that of exalting the memory of a dead person, but that of setting up their images and investing them with sanctity, “*Fors Clavigera*” had come in the form of a letter from Miss Alexander (“*Francesca*”) to clench this matter with an illustration from modern Italian life. In this letter Miss Alexander describes the Madonna whom she saw enshrined in an orphanage as a stout, heavy person in impossible drapery—much improved of late in cleanliness, if not in beauty or sanctity, by a coating of white oil paint. One of the girls had given her a rose, another a set of earrings—“I pierced the ears myself,” added the Lady Superior, “with a gimlet.” There, said Mr. Ruskin, you have the perfection of childlike imagination—making everything out of nothing.

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To this lecture a written peroration was wanting, and the conclusion of the whole matter was shown instead in two pictures—the two most perfect pictures in the world. One was a small piece from Tintoret’s *Paradise* in the Ducal Palace, representing the group of St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and behind St. Augustine “his mother watching him, her chief joy in Paradise.” There was some little movement of laughter among the audience as Mr. Ruskin found that he had placed the sketch upside down. But it is little matter, he added, for in Tintoret’s *paradise* you have heaven all round you—a work of pure imagination, and that, too, by

a dyer's son in Venice. The other picture was the Arundel Society's reproduction ("a society which has done more for us than we have any notion of") of the altar-piece by Giorgione in his native hamlet of Castel Franco. "No picture in the world can show you better the seeing and realizing imagination of Christian painters. Giorgione in no wise intends you to suppose that the Madonna ever sat thus on a pedestal with a coat of arms upon it, or that St. George and St. Francis ever stood, or do now stand, in that manner beside her; but that a living Venetian may, in such vision, most deeply and rightly conceive of her and of them. As such this picture is alone in the world, as an imaginative representation of Christianity, with a monk and a soldier on either side, the soldier bearing the white cross of everlasting peace on the purple ground of former darkness."

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Professor Ruskin began his next lecture—"Protestantism, or the Pleasures of Truth"—by confusing himself and his audience as to the difference between truth and realism. Apparently his motive was the old ethical and artistic dispute between the real and the ideal, but it was not easy to discover this when realism was made to wear the name of truth, and idealism was described as the seeing "visions of things that are not as though they were." That power of seeing, "we catholics," said Mr. Ruskin, trust may yet return. "The day may yet come when we may be able, like Edward the Confessor, to tax the people in a tenth of their possessions to build a beautiful church with a weathercock upon it to rise above the filth of nasty London."

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Referring his hearers for the "beauty of Protestantism" to Jeanie Deans and Gotthelf's Ulric, Mr. Ruskin turned to the other side of the question, and proposed to show rather the narrowness of its rigid "truth" in comparison with the beauty of the spectral phenomena in which Catholicism delights. For

this purpose he had brought with him two pictures, one by Turner, the other a copy from Carpaccio. The Turner was a large water-colour drawing, measuring somewhere about 20 inches by 15 inches, in his early or brown period, of a stream and a grove. "There," said Mr. Ruskin, pointing to it, "is a spectral grove for you, the very εἶδωλον of a grove. There never was such a grove or such a stream. You may photograph every grove in the world, and never will you get so ghostly a one as this. I cannot tell you where it is; I can only swear to you that it never existed anywhere except in Turner's head. It is the very best Turner drawing I ever saw of his heroic period, the period in which he painted the 'Garden of the Hesperides' (Nat. Gal., No 477—exhibited 1806), and 'Apollo Killing the Python' (No. 488—exhibited 1811). I picked it up by pure chance the other day, and I now present it to your gallery at Oxford to be an idol to you, I hope, for evermore."

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"And here," added Mr. Ruskin, turning to the other picture, "is an idol of a girl." This was a copy of the head in Carpaccio's "Dream of St. Ursula," the picture of which Mr. Ruskin has written so much in "Fors Clavigera" and his Venetian guide-books. "There never was such a face as hers in the world. Take the sweetest you can find in your college gardens, and none will be so sweet. Nor in any Phyllis that you know will you find such twisted hair as hers—twisted like that of all Venetian girls in memory of the time when they first made their hair into ropes for the fugitive ships at Aquileia. You will never see such hair, nor such peace beneath it on the brow—the peace of heaven, of infancy, and of death. No one knows who she is, or where she lived. She is Persephone at rest below the earth; she is Proserpine at play above the ground. She is Ursula, the gentlest yet the rudest of little bears; a type in that, perhaps, of the moss rose,



with its rough little buds. She is in England, in Cologne, in Venice, in Rome, in eternity—living everywhere, dying everywhere—the most intangible yet the most practical of all saints—queen, for one thing, of female education, when once her legend is rightly understood. This sketch of her head is the best drawing I ever made. The Carpaccio's picture is hung like all good pictures, out of sight, seven feet above the ground; but the Venetian Academy had it taken down for me, and I traced every detail in it accurately to a hair's breadth. It took me a day's hard work to get that spray of silver hair loosening itself rightly from the coil, and twelve times over had I to try the mouth. And to-day, assuming Miss Shaw Lefevre's indulgence, I present it to the girls of Somerville Hall. Perhaps the picture of a princess's room, of which it is a part, may teach the young ladies there not to make their rooms too pretty—to remember that they come to Oxford to be uncomfortable and to suffer a little—to learn whatever can be learnt in Oxford, which is not much, and even to live little Ursulas in rough gardens, not on lawns made smooth for tennis."

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Such is the lesson of the legend of St. Ursula; and now (continued Mr. Ruskin), I must tell you somewhat of a Doge of Venice who lived by the light of superstitions such as this, a Catholic and a brave man withal, *Cattolico uomo e audace*, "the servant of God and of St. Michael." To avoid mistakes to-day and corrections to-morrow, Mr. Ruskin craved permission to read again from his Venetian handbook, "St. Mark's Rest," which had now been retouched. The longest of these new touches was suggested by "The Truth about the Navy," which Mr. Ruskin had been reading, he said, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; from which he gathered that the British people having spent several hundreds of millions on blowing iron bubbles—"the earth hath bubbles, as the water hath, and these are of them"—

would soon be busy blowing more. Nothing could be more tragically absurd than the loss of the *Captain* and the *London*, unless it were the loss of the *Eurydice*—without her Orpheus then. There was nothing the matter except that Governments were donkeys enough to build in iron instead of wood, just in order that the ironmongers might get their commissions. They were honest enough, these Governments, but they allowed the ironmongers to work them round like screws. Whoever heard of a Venetian man-of-war going over? A gale was nothing at all to a wooden ship—Venice would have laughed at it, rejoiced in it. They never heard of a Venetian being upset or making for the shore. Why? Because they had been broken in to the life of the rough sea. “You think that you know what boating is; but why don’t you practise in the open sea, as the Venetians did, instead of spoiling the Isis here?” But with the *London*, she was crossing the Bay of Biscay when it got a little rough; the wind blew the bulwarks down, and down the ship went bodily. The only grand thing connected with it was that the captain, looking over the bulwarks as the last boat was launched, gave the crew their latitude, and said he would go down with his ship, and he did. He had no patience, in face of disasters like those of the *London* and the *Captain*, with the talk about our splendid British seamanship.

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It was bombastic English blarney, proceeded Mr. Ruskin impetuously—not Irish, for there was always wit in an Irish bull, but only a double blunder in an English one—all that talk about sweeping the fleets of all other nations off the seas. You went under Napier and knocked your heads against Cronstadt, and Cronstadt cared no more for you than if you had been a flight of swallows or sparrows. Then you went and knocked your heads against Sebastopol; and in spite of all the lies in the newspapers, every one knew that the British fleet had been thoroughly well licked. And now you have been bom-

harding Alexandria, and narrowly escaped being done for by a few Arabs. So much for the proud supremacy of the British navy and its ironclads. They might say that all this was irrelevant, but there was no finer art than ship-building, and they would find that out when he set them to draw ships ; they were only drawing shells now. Even a draughtsman could not draw two sides of a ship alike ; nobody but Turner ever did. They might say one of the subjects forbidden to him was political economy ; but that subject, too, would be forced on them all pretty soon. When all the present ships were destroyed (the Government would ask for a loan pretty soon), the new ones would also all go "snap" in like fashion.

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The chapter from which Mr. Ruskin was reading when this parenthesis came in is the one entitled "The Burden of Tyre," and tells the story of Domenico Michiel, the Nelson of Venice, the Doge who brought back in 1126, from his wars against the Saracens, the famous pillars of the Piazzetta. Besides them he brought the dead bodies of St. Donato and St. Isidore, for the Venice of his day was intensely covetous, not only of money, though she loved that too, nor of kingdom, nor of pillars of marble and granite, but "also and quite principally of the relics of good people, of their dust to dust, ashes to ashes." He himself lies buried behind the altar of the church of St. Giorgio Maggiore, and on his tomb there was this inscription written : "Whoever thou art, who comest to behold this tomb of his, bow thyself down before God because of him." "That is the feeling of all old Catholics in the presence of a shrine ; they worship not the hero or the saint, but 'God because of him.' "

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Against all this comes the witness of Protestantism, partly honest, partly hypocritical, with good knowledge of a few minor things, but ignorant hatred of all above and beyond itself. And then the lecturer produced a sensation, not altogether pleasant

perhaps, by displaying two illustrations. "Here," said he, "I have for you a type of the honest but not liberally-minded Protestant"—disclosing a sketch of a little pig. "The little pig walks along, you see, knowing every inch of its ground, having in its snout a capital instrument for grubbing up things. You may be shocked, perhaps, at my selection of this animal for the type of a religious sect; but if you could but realize all the beautiful things which the insolence of Protestantism has destroyed, you would think surely the Gadarene swine too good for them. But my illustration is, at any rate, appropriate as significant of the Protestant and Evangelical art which can draw a pig to perfection, but never a pretty lady." Then the lecturer passed on to the hypocritical Protestant, and produced as the type of him a sketch in black and white of a truly repulsive Mr. Stiggins.

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From these religious types Mr. Ruskin passed on to show how a heroic ideal was illustrated from poetry. The faith in human honour, taking the place of the faith in religion, passes into the noble pride of the knight; and it is when this noble pride passes into malignant pride that the revolution comes. Of the true knight, the perfect type is Douglas in the "Lady of the Lake." "No one reads Scott" (Mr. Ruskin here parenthetically remarked) "and I am going to send his poems and novels by the gross to classes in our elementary schools—not for prizes to be awarded by competition, but to be given to any boy or girl who is good and likes to read poetry. I should like to see the children draw lots for the books, and the one who wins not keep the book, but have the right of giving it away—a very subtle little moral lesson." Mr. Ruskin then read some stanzas from the fifth canto of "The Lady of the Lake," describing the burghers' sports before King James at Stirling, the classical passage in Scott corresponding to the games in Virgil. The passage is typical, too, of that association with his dog, his horse and his



falcon, which is a mark of the knight, the clown being one who cannot keep these animals or does not know how to use them. "It was very bad of Douglas, you may think, to knock a man down for the sake of a dog—a creature that we should think nothing of torturing nowadays for a month to find out the cause of a pimple of our own red noses." Mr. Ruskin then went on to the stanzas which he wished all who cared to please him at once to learn by heart, the stanzas in which

With grief the noble Douglas saw  
The commons rise against the law ;

and bade them hear

Ere yet for me  
Ye break the bands of fealty.

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To the four hundred eager people who crowded the Oxford Museum Theatre—an hour before the time, many of them—to hear the sixth of the Professor's appointed course of lectures on the "Pleasures of England," he straightway announced that this would be postponed, and meanwhile he proposed to read them a little essay on patience. The remaining lectures of the proper course were ready, but pressure had been brought to bear upon him to suppress or recast them. The details of these lectures had so far "fluttered the dovecots of the vivisectionists" that there had even been threats of the intervention of a Board of Studies, and of the incarceration of their single-handed antagonist. Why they were so much afraid of his discussing the pleasures of sense he really could not think. All the beautiful things he had showed them in religious art appealed to the pleasure of sense. Every religious child is happy ; and all religion, if it is true, is beautiful ; it is only sham religion—the habit, for instance, of excessive mourning for the dead—and vice that are ugly. When they heard the lecture, they would see that he was only going to point out to them some

new and innocent ways of enjoying themselves. The unkind critics who had caused all this confusion were—so it was said in Oxford—Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Acland. Mr. Ruskin had taken their rebuke meekly ; but if it was on behalf of science that Dr. Acland was afraid, Mr. Ruskin clearly had his revenge. For in the meanwhile he arranged to give two scientific lectures—one on birds, another on geology ; and Mr. Ruskin's scientific lectures do not greatly please the recognised professors of science. " I shall not tell you," Mr. Ruskin said, " how long a bird's larynx is, for I don't know and I don't care ; but I can tell you something about its singing. I can tell you about its feathers, but not what is underneath its skin. Why, I went into your museum to find an Abyssinian kingfisher—the classical halcyon—but there was only one, hidden in a dark corner, and that not a good enough specimen to draw. A very sad thing that, and even sadder that they should pack away the skins of the birds in drawers in stinking camphor. In the British Museum, however, you can now for the first time see birds poised and how they fly." A little later, Mr. Ruskin added : " I shall do a little more ' peacocking ' before you, and am going to show you some practical experiments—with the help of the Balliol College cook—of glaciers and glacier motion." Here, again, Mr. Ruskin has an old quarrel, as every one knows, with the men of science.

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The prospect of these two dainty dishes should itself have made the lesson of patience easier. As Mr. Ruskin told the girls in the " Ethics of the Dust ; " there was obviously no reason why his audience, because they were the richer by the expectation of playing at a new game—of having two new lectures thrown in—should make themselves unhappier than when they had nothing to look forward to but the old ones. And then even when the little lecture itself began, Mr. Ruskin often stopped from his reading to throw sugar-plums to his pupils. " Were any of them

courting, for instance? Then his advice was to continue it as long as possible. Young people nowadays do not enjoy courtship half enough; it really becomes nicer and nicer the longer it lasts. Besides, you are all sure to find fault with your wives when you marry them; it is only during courtship that they are entirely faultless and seraphic; and why not keep them so as long as you can?" Then there was a little critical squib, à propos of a citation of Keats's phrase, "human serpentry." "Read as much Keats as possible, and no Shelley. Shelley, with due admiration notwithstanding for his genius, is entirely mischievous; Keats entirely innocent and amusing." As for the little essay on *Patience* itself, it consisted of readings with occasional self-criticism from the "Cestus of Anglaia" and "St. Mark's Rest." "The "Cestus of Anglaia" was the title given to the papers which Mr. Ruskin contributed to the *Art Journal* in 1856-7 on "the opposition of modesty and liberty, and the unescapable law of wise restraint," and some of which were afterwards incorporated in "The Queen of the Air." Were they the passages in that book, one wonders, which Carlyle told Mr. Froude "went into his heart like arrows?" The passage read on Saturday, however, was none of these chapters, but was the analysis of Chaucer's "Patience:"—

Dame Patientia sitting there I fond (found),  
With facē pale, upon a hill of sond (sand).

Mr. Ruskin apologized for the over-allusive style in which much of his analysis was written, for "twenty years ago I was always fond of showing that I knew a good deal and had read a good deal." Elsewhere, too, he has explained with reference to these same chapters in the *Art Journal* that he has "three different ways of writing—one with the single view of making myself understood, in which I necessarily omit a good deal of what comes into my head; another, in which I say what I think ought to be said, in what I suppose to be the best words I can find for it (which is in reality an affected style); and my

third way of writing is to say all that comes into my head for my own pleasure in the first words that come, retouching them afterwards into (approximate) grammar." The "*Cestus of Aglaia*" was written in this third style. From the *Patience of Chaucer*, Mr. Ruskin passed to the *Patience of Venice*. The *Patience* who really smiles at grief usually stands, or walks, or even runs. She seldom sits, though she may sometimes have to do it for many a day, poor thing, by monuments, or like Chaucer's, with "*facē pale upon a hill of sand.*" The *Patience of Venice* is to be found on a monument—the statue of St. Theodore, whose legend Mr. Ruskin has explained in "*Fors Clavigera*" (March 1877), and again in the second chapter of "*St. Mark's Rest*," from which he read on Saturday. In these later books of his, when he talks in what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls his "*assured way*" about the meaning of legends, he is only collating the results of a life's work, begun when he was twenty-four years old, and when, by the good counsel of Dean Liddell, he took to drawing religious art in the Christ Church library. All early religious art is symbolic, and the meaning of the symbols is well ascertainable. The divinity of Botticelli, for instance, is a science at least as well known as that of the Greek gods, and all Mr. Ruskin does is to give the result of the Catholic knowledge of the saints—the interpretation which is universally recognized of their legends. St. Theodore, then, standing on a crocodile, as he may be seen on one of the twin pillars of the Piazzetta at Venice, represents the power of the spirit of God in all noble and useful animal life conquering what is venomous, useless, or in decay. The victory of his *Patience* is making the earth his pedestal instead of his adversary; he is the power of the gentle and rational life, reigning over the wild creatures and senseless forces of the world—the dragon-enemy becoming by human mercy the faithfullest of creature friends to man.



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